THE LITURGICAL POETRY

OF

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

FROM THE TEXT OF GAUTIER.

WITH TRANSLATIONS INTO ENGLISH IN THE ORIGINAL METRES
AND SHORT EXPLANATORY NOTES BY

DIGBY S. WRANGHAM, M.A.,

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD,

Vicar of Darrington, Yorkshire.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

MDCCCLXXXI.

CONTENTS OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

HYMNS.

SEQUENCES ATTRIBUTED TO ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

FOR SAINTS' DAYS.

(Continued.)

LXXVI.

EXALTATIO CRUCIS.

XIV° SEPTEMBRIS.

SALVE, Crux, arbor vitæ præclara,
Vexillum Christi, thronus et ara!

O Crux profanis
Terror et ruina,
Tu Christianis
Virtus es divina,
Salus et victoria!
Tu properantis
Contra Maxentium,
Tu præliantis
Juxta Danubium,
Constantini gloria!

Favens Heraclio,
Perdis cum filio
Chosroen profanum.
In hoc salutari
Ligno gloriari
Decet Christianum.

LXXVI.

THE EXALTATION OF THE CROSS.

SEPTEMBER 14TH.

HAIL, O Cross! tree of life! noble and noted!
Banner, throne, altar to Jesus devoted!

Cross! to unholy
Men both death and terror,
To Christians truly
Art thou virtue's mirror,
Safety, victory, all-divine!
Thou, when he hurried
Against Maxentius' horde;
Thou, when he carried
By Danube's shores the sword,
Glory wast to Constantine!

Chosroes and his son
Through thee were overthrown,
For Heraclius fighting:
Well may Christians glory
In this tree's true story,
In such balms delighting!

Crucis longum, latum,
Sublime, profundum,
Sanctis propalatum,
Quadrum salvat mundum
Sub quadri figura.
Medicina vera,
Christus in statera
Crucis est distractus,
Pretiumque factus
Solvit mortis jura.

Crux est nostræ libra justitiæ,
Sceptrum regis, virga potentiæ,
Crux cœlestis signum victoriæ,
Belli robur et palma gloriæ!

Tu scala, tu ratis,
Tu, Crux, desperatis
Tabula suprema;
Tu de membris Christi
Decorem traxisti,
Regum diadema!

Per te nobis, Crux beata,
Crux cruore consecrata,
Sempiterna gaudia
Det superna gratia! Amen.

Length and breadth, Cross ! blending
With height, depth, far-reaching,
Thou, four ways extending,
Precious truths thus teaching,
Savest earth's four quarters.
Balm with true health gifted !
On the Cross-scales lifted,
Christ was there extended,
As the price expended
To redeem death's charters.

The Cross the balance is to weigh our right,
Our Monarch's sceptre and His rod of might ;
The sign of Heaven's own victory in the fight,
Our strength in war and glory's palm-branch bright !

Ladder ! raft ! upbearing
Hearts through grief despairing !
Their last plank, when drowning !
Thou Christ's beauty sharest,
Since His limbs thou barest.
Cross ! the crown kings crowning.

Through thee, Cross ! with blessings freighted !
Cross, by Christ's blood consecrated !
May the grace of God most high
Deathless joys to us supply ! Amen.

LXXVII.

S. MICHAEL ET OMNES ANGELI.

XXVIII° SEPTEMBRIS.

LAUS erumpat ex affectu !
Psallat chorus in conspectu
Supernorum civium !
Laus jocunda, laus decora,
Quando laudi concanora
Puritas est cordium.

Michaelem cuncti laudent
Nec ab hujus se defraudent
Diei lætitia.
Felix dies qua sanctorum
Recensetur angelorum
Solemnis victoria !

Draco vetus exturbatur
Et draconis effugatur
Inimica legio ;
Exturbatus est turbator
Et projectus accusator
A cœli fastigio.

LXXVII.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

SEPTEMBER 28TH.

LET our love break forth in praises,
And the hymn our choir upraises
In the holy angels' sight!
Praise is pleasant, praise befitting,
When our hearts, no sin committing,
With our lips in praise unite.

Michael let all men be lauding,
None of us ourselves defrauding
Of the gladness of to-day;
Happy day, for ever telling
Of the triumph all-excelling
Of the Angels' bright array!

Off is the old dragon driven,
And his legion, foes of heaven,
Put to ignominious flight:
In confusion the confuser
Is expelled, and man's accuser
Hurled from heaven's utmost height.

Sub tutela Michaelis
Pax in terra, pax in cœlis,
  Laus et jubilatio;
Cum fit potens hic virtute,
Pro communi stans salute,
  Triumphat in prælio.

  Suggestor sceleris,
  Pulsus a superis,
  Per hujus aeris
    Oberrat spatia.
  Dolis invigilat,
  Virus insibilat,
  Sed hunc adnihilat
    Præsens custodia.

Tres distinctæ hierarchiæ
Jugi vacant theoriæ
  Jugique psalterio,
Nec obsistit theoria
Sive jugis harmonia
  Jugi ministerio.

O quam miræ caritatis
Est supernæ civitatis
  Ter terna distinctio,
Quæ nos amat et tuetur,
Ut ex nobis restauretur
  Ejus diminutio!

Whene'er Michael's help is given,
Peace on earth and peace in heaven,
    Praise and jubilation, reign ;
'Tis his valour, might commanding,
For the common weal upstanding,
    Triumphs on the battle-plain.

  Prompting to sin's disgrace,
  Thrust out from heaven's race,
  Through the air's boundless space
      Satan walks to and fro:
  Watching with many a wile,
  Breathes he in poison vile,
  But guards at hand his guile
      Utterly overthrow.

Hierarchies three in heaven
Are to ceaseless worship given,
    And to ceaseless harmony:
Neither doth their adoration,
Nor their hymns without cessation,
    Stay their ceaseless ministry.

O what wondrous love's volition
Is this thrice threefold division
    Of the heavenly kingdom's host !
Man so loving and protecting,
As from men to be selecting
    What it of its own hath lost !

Sicut sunt hominum
Diversæ gratiæ,
Sic erunt ordinum
Distinctæ gloriæ
Justis in præmio;
Solis est alia
Quam lunæ dignitas,
Stellarum varia
Relucet claritas:
Sic resurrectio.

Vetus homo novitati,
Se terrestris puritati
Conformet cœlestium;
Coæqualis his futurus,
Licet nondum plene purus,
Spe præsumat præmium.

Ut ab ipsis adjuvemur,
Hos devote veneremur
Instantes obsequio;
Deo nos conciliat
Angelisque sociat
Sincera devotio.

De secretis reticentes
Interim cœlestibus,
Erigamus puras mentes
In cœlum cum manibus!

As 'mongst mankind we see
Diversities of grace,
So orders will there be
Of varied rank and place,
The righteous' glorious meed :
One glory hath the sun,
Another pale moonlight ;
The stars shine forth, each one
With its own glory bright ;
So shall the risen dead !

Let the old man, and the earthy,
Be renewed in fashion worthy
Of angelic innocence :
He may hope then in the sequel
To be crowned as their co-equal,
Though not pure from all offence.

Never ceasing to obey them,
Let us pious honour pay them,
That we may their help obtain ;
All devotion so sincere
To the angels brings us near,
And God's love for us will gain.

Therefore, breaking silence never
On heaven's secret things meanwhile,
Thither let us lift up ever
Hearts with hands all pure from guile;

Ut superna nos dignetur
Cohæredes curia,
Et divina collaudetur
Ab utrisque gratia !

Capiti sit gloria
Membrisque concordia ! Amen.

That co-heirs the courts of heaven
    Thus may deem us fit to be,
And by both due praise be given
    To Divine grace equally !

    To the Head all glory be,
'Mongst the members unity ! Amen.

LXXVIII.

S. REMIGIUS.

1° Octobris.

VENERANDO præsuli Remigio
Psallat fratrum veneranda concio !

Psallat corde, psallat ore,
Tanto gaudens confessore
Nostra congregatio;
Nec discordet vox a vita,
Et sic erit exaudita
Vocum modulatio.

Post vindictam criminum,
Quando culpis hominum
Est destructa Gallia,
Ad salutem omnium
Beatum Remigium
Concepit Cilinia.

Cujus vita præsulis
Cœpit a cunabulis
Florere miraculis
Et virtutum gratia :

LXXVIII.

ST. REMIGIUS.

OCTOBER 1ST.

NOW let all our brethren's reverend gathering
To that reverend bishop, St. Remigius, sing!

Heart and voice, our congregation!
Sing with joy and jubilation
Such a great Confessor's praise:
Let not lip with life be jarring,
So the song, no discords marring,
Shall be heard which we upraise!

After vengeance had for sin,
When because of guilty men
Gaul was ruined utterly,
Did Cilinia produce
This blest Saint Remigius,
That he might its saviour be.

This good bishop's life is seen,
From the very cradle e'en,
Full of wonders to have been,
And all virtues' grace; when old

Mater anus concipit,
Sicut Deus præcipit ;
Cæcus lumen recipit
Qui prædixit talia.

Per hunc claudis gressus datur,
Cæcis lumen renovatur,
Fugantur dæmonia ;
Per hunc Deus restauravit
Quidquid sæva devastavit
Vandalorum furia.

Mira fulgens sanctitate,
In Remensi civitate
Sedavit incendia,
Dum malignos spiritus
Fugaret vir inclytus
Urbis extra mœnia.

Ubi pedem imprimebat
Planta pedis apparebat :
Testis est Ecclesia,
In qua vena silicis
Ostendit pontificis
Sacrata vestigia.

This her son his mother bore,
As by God ordained before;
While the blind man sees once more,
Who such marvels had foretold.

Lame men power to walk he giveth;
In the blind their sight reviveth;
And the devils put to flight:
By his means God renovated
All that had been devastated
By the Vandals' barbarous might.

He, for sanctity a wonder,
Got a fire completely under,
Raging in the town of Rheims:
Nay, this man, renowned o'er all,
Drave beyond the city wall
Satan's legions with the flames.

Wheresoe'er he stepped, the traces
Of his passage marked those places:
This that church doth testify,
Where yet in the vein of flint
This good bishop's blest footprint,
Is presented to the eye.

Dum in aquis rex sacratis
Mundaretur a peccatis,
(Res digna miraculi !)
Vas est missum cœlitus
Dono sancti Spiritus
Per columbam præsuli.

Virgo quædam Tolosana,
Virgo decens, sed insana,
Ejus sanctis precibus
Est a morte suscitata,
Et, ab hoste liberata,
Redditur parentibus.

Ave, gemma sacerdotum,
Galliarum antidotum
Et lumen Ecclesiæ,
Ante partum nuntiatus
Et in ventre consecratus
Beatæ Ciliniæ !

Diadema præsulum,
Decus, honor, speculum,
Flos et gemma Franciæ,
Pietatis oculum
Leva super populum
Præsentis Ecclesiæ.

When in baptism's consecration
Clovis sought for sin's lustration,
(Worthy miracle of love !)
By the Holy Spirit given,
Was a vessel brought from heaven
To the bishop by a dove.

Once a maid in Toulouse dwelling,
Crazed, although in form excelling,
By his pious prayer outpoured
Is from death resuscitated,
And, from Satan liberated,
To her parents' care restored.

Hail, thou gem of Holy Orders !
Balm for Gaul's remotest borders !
And the Church's light in gloom !
'Ere thy birth announced from heaven,
Yea, and consecrated even
In the blest Cilinia's womb !

Thou, as bishops' brightest crown,
Pride, and grace, and mirror known,
France's flower, and gem of worth,
Lift thy loving eyes, we pray,
And the multitude survey
Of the Church that is on earth !

Dum in salo hujus mundi
Hostes premunt nos immundi,
Seda mare, placa ventum,
Ne nos mergat in tormentum
    Dæmonis astutia.
O confessor summi Regis,
Audi preces tui gregis
Et nos mundos a peccatis
Junge regno claritatis
    Ubi pax et gloria! Amen.

While 'mid this world's ocean-surges
Foul foes' might upon us urges,
Calm the sea, the wind repressing,
Lest we be 'mid pangs distressing
    Sunk by Satan's subtlety.
Confessor, heaven's King obeying!
Hear thy flock thus humbly praying,
And, made pure from sin, unite us
To that realm of dazzling brightness,
    Where both peace and glory be! Amen.

LXXIX.

S. LEODEGARIUS.

II° OCTOBRIS.

CORDIS sonet ex interno
Regi regum, hodierno
Die, nostra concio!
Collaudemus mente læta
Suo Illum in athleta,
In Leodegario.

Sit mens munda, vox canora,
Ut jocunda et decora
Nostra sit laudatio;
Non discordet os a corde;
Sint concordes hæ tres chordæ,
Lingua, mens et actio!

Generosa stirpe clarus,
Fuit et ab ipsa carus
Deo pueritia:
Mansit in palatio
Sub rege Clotario,
Cujus providentia.

LXXIX.

ST. LEGER.

OCTOBER 2ND.

FROM the heart's core loud laudation
Give, all ye our congregation !
To the King of kings to-day :
With one voice and heart-felt pleasure
Let us praise Him in St. Leger,
His own champion in the fray !

Cleanse your hearts, attune your voices,
That our praise, as each rejoices,
Bright and beautiful may be :
Heart with voice in discord never,
Let this tuneful trichord ever,—
Thoughts, words, deeds,—in sound agree !

He, with noble lineage shining,
Even from life's first beginning
By the Almighty was held dear :
While Clotaire as monarch reigned,
In his palace he remained,
Through God's providential care.

Hinc Pictavis mittitur,
Præsulique traditur
Disciplinæ gratia ;
Præsulatu sublimatur ;
Sublimatus cumulatur
Gratiarum copia.

Major domus regiæ,
Ebroinus rabie
Ferali succenditur :
Torquendus nefarie,
Ministris sævitiæ
Sanctus Dei traditur.

Venerando præsuli
Eruuntur oculi
Sæclis profuturi ;
Fodiuntur terebris,
Aliorum tenebris
Lumen reddituri.

Lictor vibrat gladium ;
Martyr caput obvium
Dat pro Christo capite,
Hostem vincens hominum,
Babylonis dominum,
Cum suo satellite.

Thence to Poitiers is he sent
And its bishop, with intent
He its studies might embrace :
To the mitre is he lifted,
And, when so preferred, is gifted
With abundant stores of grace.

Ebroin, who then was mayor
Of the royal palace there,
'Gainst him deadly hate conceives :
To be tortured shamefully
By his hirelings' cruelty,
He God's saintly servant gives.

From the holy bishop's head
Both his eyes are torn, to shed
Light all eyes to lighten ;
Yea, with borers are dug out
Those same eyes, so soon about
Others' gloom to brighten.

High the lictor waves his blade ;
Then his head for Christ his Head
Bows the martyr 'neath its might ;
Thus o'ercoming man's dread foe,
Lord of Babylon below,
And his earthly satellite.

Sic cœlorum ostia,
Christi factus hostia,
Intrat cum victoria :
Cœlestis militia
Cantat cum lætitia :
" Deo laus et gloria ! "

Circumdati periculis,
Atque momentis singulis
Pene periclitantes,
Ad te, martyr, confugimus
Tibique preces fundimus ;
Suscipe deprecantes.

Tuis bonis adgaudentem,
Tuas laudes attollentem,
Præsentem familiam
In cœlestem transfer sedem,
Et fac Christo cohæredem
Atque tibi sociam. Amen.

So, for Christ, a victim made,
He, through heaven's gate open laid,
Enters in triumphantly:
While the angels mustering
Joyfully their anthem sing,
"Praise to God and glory be!"

Surrounded but by perils here,
And, every moment, very near
Amid those dangers dying,
To thee, O martyr! do we flee,
And pour forth piteous prayers to thee;
O help us, when thus crying!

Joying in thy blessings given,
Lifting up thy praise to heaven,
Thine assembled family
To the heavenly mansions take thou,
And co-heirs with Christ there make thou
And associates with thee! Amen.

LXXX.

S. DIONYSIUS.

IX° OCTOBRIS.

GAUDE prole, Græcia,
Glorietur Gallia
Patre Dionysio.
Exultet uberius
Felici Parisius
Illustris martyrio!

Speciali gaudio
Felix gaudet concio
Martyrum præsentia;
Quorum patrocinio
Tota gaudet regio,
Regni stat potentia.

Juxta patrem positi
Bellatores inclyti
Digni sunt memoria.
Sed illum præcipue
Recolis assidue,
Regalis Ecclesia.

LXXIX.

ST. DENIS.

OCTOBER 9TH.

GREECE! rejoice thou in thy son!
Let all France's pride be shown
In St. Denis, her own sire!
And let Paris too, become
Famed through his blest martyrdom,
Show a joy yet more entire!

Specially with heart and voice
Doth the happy Church rejoice
Over all her martyr-bands;
Those whose patronage hath made
Far and wide the country glad,
And through whom the kingdom stands.

Near this father placed, a band
Of illustrious warriors stand,
Worthy of all memory;
But, O royal Church! of all
Dost thou constantly recall
This one more especially.

Hic a summo præsule
    Directus ad Galliam,
Non gentis incredulæ
    Veretur insaniam.

Gallorum apostolus
    Venerat Lutetiam,
Quam tenebat subdolus
    Hostis, velut propriam.

Hic errorum cumulus
    Et omnis spurcitia;
Hic infelix populus,
    Gaudens idolatria.

Adorabant idolum
    Fallacis Mercurii;
Sed vicit diabolum
    Fides Dionysii.

Hic, constructo Dei templo,
Verbo docet et exemplo,
  Coruscat miraculis.
    Turba credit,
    Error cedit,
    Fides crescit
    Et clarescit
  Nomen tanti præsulis.

By the Sovereign Pope to France
Sent forth, he no fear displays
At the reckless violence
Of its unbelieving race

The apostle set o'er Gaul
To Lutetia came, a town
Which the crafty foe of all
Held in thraldom, as his own.

Here 'mid errors' loathsome mass
Lay heaped all impurity,
Here a wretched populace
Gloried in idolatry.

Mercury's image they adored,
A profane and lying god;
But St. Denis' faith assured
Soon the devil's work downtrod.

He, while building there God's temple,
Taught by word and by example,
Bright with miracles' bright fame.
Truth is heeded,
Errors ceded;
As faith groweth,
Glory gloweth
Round so great a bishop's name.

His auditis, fit insanus
Immitis Domitianus,
    Mittitque Sisinnium,
Qui pastorem animarum
Fide, vita, signis clarum
    Trahat ad supplicium.

Infliguntur seni pœnæ:
Flagra, carcer et catenæ;
Catastam, lectum ferreum
Et æstum vincit igneum.

Prece domat feras truces,
Sedat rogum, perfert cruces,
Post clavos et patibulum
Translatus ad ergastulum.

Seniore celebrante
Missam, turba circumstante,
Adest Christus, comitante
    Cœlesti militia.
Specu clausum carcerali
Consolatur, et vitali
Pane cibat, immortali
    Coronandum gloria.

When the fierce Domitian heareth,
He beside himself appeareth,
And Sisinnius sendeth down,
Who to torture forthwith leadeth
This good shepherd, who souls feedeth,
For his faith, life, signs, well known.

Scourges, chains, incarceration,
Feels the old man in his passion;
O'er iron bed and fierce flames' heat
And rack his victory is complete.

Fierce wild beasts by prayer he tameth,
Bears his cross, slacks fire that flameth;
After the nails and gibbet-tree
Conducted to a jail is he.

As the old man celebrateth
Mass, and near a vast crowd waiteth,
Christ His presence indicateth
With the heavenly host around.
In his close incarceration
Christ still gives him consolation,
And life's bread for sustentation,
With great glory to be crowned.

Prodit martyr conflicturus,
Sub securi stat securus;
Ferit lictor
Sicque victor
Consummatur gladio.
Se cadaver mox erexit,
Truncus truncum caput vexit,
Quod ferentem huc direxit
Angelorum legio.

Tam præclara passio
Repleat nos gaudio! Amen.

Forth to fight the martyr goeth,
Heedless what the headsman doeth ;
Till the lictor
Strikes, and victor
Makes his victim, as he bled.
Soon the trunk resuscitated,
Bearing off its head truncated,
Hither, with that burden weighted,
Came, by angel-cohorts led.

Let this martyrdom so bright
Fill our hearts with pure delight ! Amen.

LXXXI.

SS. SAVINIANUS ET POTENTIANUS.

XIX° OCTOBRIS.

DEO laudes extollamus,
Nos qui sanctis ejus damus
Festiva præconia,
Inclyto Saviniano
Et sancto Potentiano
Quos recepit Gallia !

Cum Altino, servo Christi,
Quem duxerunt secum isti
Prædicandi gratia,
Verum Deum prædicantes,
Verbi Dei seminantes
Sancta seminaria.

Hacque nostra regione,
Sancti Petri jussione
Et obedientia,
Senones primo venerunt
Ubi Dei docuerunt
Præcepta salubria.

LXXXI.

ST. SAVINIAN AND ST. POTENTIAN.

OCTOBER 19TH.

LET us lift God's high laudation,
We, who joyous commendation
To His saints now loudly give;
To Savinian, widely noted,
And Potentian, God-devoted,
Both of whom did Gaul receive!

With Altinus, Christ's own holy
Servant, whom they with them truly
For his preaching's sake had brought;
They, the one true God avowing,
Sacred seed-plots to be sowing,
Far and wide, of God's Word sought.

When they these, our country's borders,
In obedience to the orders
Of the Apostle Peter, reached,
First of all at Sens arriving,
All the law, salvation giving,
Of Almighty God they preached.

Cives illos repulerunt
Et doctrinam contempserunt,
    Dæmonum astutia;
Instant sancti prædicando
Sævæ genti, multis dando
    Multa beneficia.

Ægris dantes sanitatem,
Et infirmis firmitatem
    Per membra debilia,
Et defunctos suscitantes,
Et leprosos emundantes
    A lepræ sævitia.

Omnes inde stupuerunt,
Convertuntur qui viderunt
    Tanta mirabilia,
Multi fide sic ditati,
Sacro fonte jam renati
    Et cœlesti gratia,
Christum Deum susceperunt,
Et in ipso crediderunt
    Magna cum lætitia.

Severus impietatis
Dux et princeps civitatis,
    Motus ira nimia,

But away the people drave them,
And despised the truths they gave them,
Through the devil's craftiness:
Still these Saints, relaxing never,
Preach to that wild race, and ever
Many with rich blessings bless.

Health they give to all those ailing,
And, whatever limbs were failing,
Strong once more the weak they make;
Those defunct from death revive they,
Cleansing to the leprous give they,
And their fierce plague from them take.

All men stood, in stupor gazing,
Who beheld things so amazing,
And were turned unto the Lord:
Many, rich in faith thus given,
New-born in the font of heaven,
And the grace divine thence poured,
Christ, as God, accepted fully,
And, believing in Him truly,
With great joy His name adored.

Then Severus, o'er that region
Prince, and chief in irreligion,
Moved to wrath exceedingly,

Illos fecit trucidari,
Et in cœlis coronari
Divina clementia :
Deus, vita beatorum,
Culpa mundos, nos ipsorum
Ducat ad consortia ! Amen.

Had them both to slaughter given,
To receive a crown in heaven
    Through God's endless clemency.
O may God, the Saints' life, guide us,
Purged from sin, where we beside us
    Shall these Saints, as comrades, see! Amen.

LXXXII.

S. GRATIANUS.

XXIII° OCTOBRIS.

GRATIANI grata solempnitas
Nos ad laudes invitat debitas;
Gratianus, laudis materia,
Multiformi redundat gratia.

Gratiani dulcis præsentia,
Dulcis amor, dulcis memoria,
Gratiani dulces reliquiæ,
Gratiani nomen est gratiæ.

Gratiani felix victoria
Nova nobis inspiret gaudia;
Sacrum diem sacra lætitia,
Nos devota decent obsequia.

Nos ad glebam sacri corpusculi
Excubemus in laude seduli;
Gratianum fideles servuli
Laudent simul et laudent singuli!

LXXXII.

ST. GRATIAN.

OCTOBER 23RD.

NOW Gratian's welcome feast-day with its rites
To praise, which is his due, our lips invites:
Gratian, the subject of our present praise,
O'erflows with grace in endless forms and ways.

Sweet were it Gratian present here to see;
Sweet is his love and sweet his memory;
Sweet are the relics we can of him trace;
The name of Gratian is a name of grace.

May Gratian's ever-blessed victory
Inspire our hearts with fresh felicity;
A holy joy this holy day would see,
And all our rites thereon devout should be.

Beside the spot where his blest corpse was thrown
Our vigil keep we still with praise ne'er done;
Gratian let those, who have true service shown,
Praise all together and each one alone!

Attestante fama martyrio,
Modum mortis delet oblivio,
Ne fidelem perturbet populum
Quod lictorum latet vocabulum.

Ne quo tamen erroris nubilo
  Tenebrescat lumen Ecclesiæ,
Christi virtus probat in corylo
  Gratianus quantæ sit gloriæ.

Sub festivæ noctis vigilia
Repubescit in gemmas virgula :
Sic, ad missam, sub hora tertia,
Novas uvas offert arbuscula.

Res infausta casu contigerat :
  Sacris igne correptis [ædibus,]
Arbor sacer pene perierat
  Vix superstes ipsis radicibus.

Revoluto dierum circulo,
Grandiori Christus miraculo
Gratianum commendat sæculo,
Desperato dans fructum surculo.

Virga Levi murmur compescuit,
Hæc cruoris venena diluit ;
Virgæ prior præsenti congruit :
Illa semel, hæc sæpe profuit.

Tradition tells that he a martyr died:
His mode of death oblivion's veil doth hide :
Let not disquietude believers fill
For what no lictor's record doth reveal.

But, lest a cloud of error there should be
  To dim the lustre of the Church's light,
Christ's virtue proves upon a filbert-tree
  How great is Gratian's glory and how bright.

During the vigils on his feast-days' eves
Each tender branch renews its buds and leaves :
So that at mass, by the third hour, it heaves
'Neath the fresh fruit the little shrub receives.

A luckless accident there chanced to be ;
  The sacred buildings were destroyed by fire,
And well nigh perished all that sacred tree ;
  The very roots were scarcely left entire.

Soon as, their round complete, the days allow,
Christ, by a miracle far grander, now,
His praise of Gratian to the world to show,
Bids fruit on that nigh hopeless tree to grow.

The rod of Aaron murmurs did allay ;
This one clears poison from the blood away :
That rod of old resembles this, I say ;
That one was useful once, this many a day.

Gratiane, martyr egregie,
Sis devotæ memor familiæ ;
Summi regis adstans præsentiæ,
Nos præsenta cœlesti curiæ. Amen.

O Gratian, martyr of high dignity !
Forget not thy devoted family ;
But, as thou standest 'neath the great King's eye,
Present us to the heavenly host on high ! Amen.

LXXXIII.

S. MAGLORIUS.

XXIV° OCTOBRIS.

ADEST dies specialis,
Dies festus et natalis
Præsulis Maglorii;
In hoc ergo spiritales
Et ipsius speciales
Jocundentur filii.

Angelus hunc erudivit
Integrumque custodivit
Vas cœlestis gratiæ;
Cum sit magnus gloria,
Velut ex industria,
Nomen habet gloriæ.

Lucrum quærens spiritale,
Culmen rexit principale
Minoris Britanniæ;
Fugit tamen nutu Dei,
Quo vacaret totus ei,
Regimen Ecclesiæ.

LXXXIII.

ST. MAGLOIRE.

OCTOBER 24TH.

SEE a special day returning,
A bright festival's bright morning,
Bishop Magloire's natal day;
All his sons in God should therefore,
Those he specially doth care for,
Their delight on it display.

'Twas an angel helped his training,
And a vessel thus, containing
Grace celestial, kept all-pure:
Great his glorying may be,
That, as 'twere designedly,
He a name of 'glory' bore.

Seeking to be rich in spirit,
He the highest post did merit
In the Church in Brittany:
But that Church's helm he quitted
At God's will, to be thus fitted
For His service utterly.

Curam tradens alii,
Compos desiderii,
    [Fugit] sub silentio:
Sic latere voluit,
Nec abscondi potuit
    Lucerna sub modio.

Consul adest, sed leprosus,
Ne lateret gloriosus
    Pater sine gloria.
Preces ejus lepram mundant
Cujus jussis obsecundant
    Aves, pisces, maria.

Vitæ reddit mortuum,
Quem vorago fluctuum
    Prius absorbuerat:
Ad hujus arbitrium
Piscis, turba piscium
    Ministrans obtemperat.

Cultrum reddens servulo,
Victum dedit populo;
Navem rexit baculo,
    Sed nec plaustro defuit;
Lingua mutæ solvitur,
Servus pisci tollitur,
Nix hostilis vincitur,
    Et serpens occubuit.

Yielding to another man
His great charge,—this end to gain,—
Quietly away he fled:
Though he would have lain concealed,
Still his candle stood revealed,
'Neath whatever bushel hid.

So, lest, hid, this glorious Father
Should no further glory gather,
Leprous was the Consul there:
He, whose word seas, fish, obeying,
Served, and birds that fly, by praying,
Leprosy did from him clear.

He a dead man brings to life,
Whom the waves' devouring strife
Just before had swallowed down:
All the fishes of the sea
Wait upon his just decree,
In obedience to it shown.

He restored his servant's blade,
Gave a starving people bread,
With his staff a vessel led,
Neither failed to help a wain:
Loosed is tongue of maiden dumb,
Raised a slave from fish's womb,
Hostile snow is overcome
By him, and a serpent slain.

Culpam donat hic levitæ;
Angelus huic panem vitæ
    Munit, mortis pretium;
Hostes fugat hic repente,
Partim visu, partim mente,
    Vita nequam filium.

Maglori pater, visita
Nos pietate solita:
Tuæ preces et merita
Culpæ relaxant debita.

Per te vincatur Zabulus,
Et vitiorum populus,
Per te, victores sæculi,
Christo vacemus seduli. Amen.

He a deacon's fault forgiveth,
And life's bread, death's price, receiveth
    From an angel, when he needs:
Foes he puts to sudden flight,
Part through thought, and part by sight;
    By his life a son's misdeeds.

Magloire, our father! from above
Come to us with thy wonted love:
For strong thy prayers and merits prove
Our debt of evil to remove.

Through thee may Satan be o'erthrown,
And all the crowd of evil done;
Through thee, this world o'ercome, may we
Be free to serve Christ zealously! Amen.

LXXXIV.

S. MAGLORIUS.

Translatio Reliquiarum suarum.

AD honorem patris Maglorii
Spiritales exultant filii;
Sub pastoris sacri præsentia
Gregem sacra decet lætitia.

Primo, Dei gratia,
Translatus de Sargia;
Recepit Britannia
Corpus sacratissimum;
Sub accessu littoris,
Tactu sacri corporis
Pars mutatur arboris
In saporem optimum.

Claudus salit et lætatur;
Adolescens suscitatur
Custos monasterii;
Ad regna siderea
Scala patet aurea,
Meritis Maglorii.

LXXXIV.

ST. MAGLOIRE.

On the Removal of his Remains.

TO do honour to Magloire, their sire
Let his sons in God with joy aspire:
With their holy shepherd's presence graced,
Holy gladness should his flock now taste.

First, transferred from Jersey's strand,
They on Breton shore of sand
His most sacred body land,
Led there by the grace of God:
As they reach the shore, they see
There a portion of a tree,
Touched by his blest corse, to be
Changed to most delicious food.

Leaps a lame man and thanks giveth;
And the youth from death reviveth
At a monastery door:
Steps a golden ladder rears
To the region of the stars,
Through the merits of Magloire.

Votis illuc conscendamus,
Ascendentes gaudeamus
Et gaudentes erumpamus
    In laudis præconia !
Si quis votum vovit rectum,
Voto dabit hic effectum,
Qui vas Dei præelectum
    Fuit ab infantia.

Vas insigne, vas honoris,
Incorrupti flos odoris,
Honestatis ac pudoris
    Formam præbet sæculo ;
Virginali vernans flore,
Cœlos replet hic odore,
Regem cernens in decore
    Mundi cordis oculo.

O Maglori, voto pari
Te studemus venerari ;
Dum versamur in hoc mari,
Tua nobis suffragari
    Dignetur clementia !
Circa gregem spiritalem
Curam gere pastoralem,
Nos ad terram pascualem
Tu per viam duc regalem
    Sub Christi custodia. Amen.

Thither in our prayers ascending,
May we rise to joys unending,
And with joy, his deeds commending,
    Break forth into songs of praise.
When a man a right vow voweth,
What he voweth this man doeth,
Whom God His choice vessel showeth
    To have been from childhood's years.

Noble vessel, vessel sainted,
Flower whose fragrance ne'er is tainted,
He the type on earth is painted
    Of all truth and modesty:
Verdant with his virgin flower,
He, whose scent fills heaven's bright bower,
In the beauty of his power
    Sees the King with pure mind's eye.

O Magloire! with like devotion
Would we praise thy high promotion:
Whilst we travel o'er this ocean,
May thy love's fond resolution
    Deign our cause to further *there!*
Caring for thy flock, precede us,
Shepherd of our souls! and lead us
Where is sweetest food to feed us;
By the King's own highway speed us
    Unto Christ's protecting care! Amen.

LXXXV.

S. QUINTINUS.

XXXI° OCTOBRIS.

PER unius casum grani
De valle Gethsemani
Grana surgunt plurima:
Orbem terræ, cœli gyrum
Ornat rosis martyrum
Vita Christi victima.

Præstat vires, quibus freti
Cuncta possent perpeti
Tormentorum genera,
Nec formidant poni cibus
Cœli volatilibus,
Suspensi per aera.

His indignus erat mundus:
Dum diei portant pondus
Et æstus incommoda,
Fracti corpus, fide recti,
Mori possunt, sed non flecti
Sub strage multimoda.

LXXXV.

ST. QUINTIN.

OCTOBER 31ST.

COUNTLESS seeds spring up about us
From the fall of one seed, brought us
From the vale Gethsemane:
Life, for Christ, as victim given,
Decks earth's orb and vaulted heaven
As with roses gracefully.

Strength, to stay them and embolden,
Gives it, by the which upholden,
Men can pain of all kinds bear:
Neither fear they to be given,
As their food, to birds of heaven,
Hung suspended in the air.

Of them was the world not worthy;
As, thus tortured, they endure the
Heat and burden of the day:
Sound in faith, stoned, sawn asunder,
They can die, but ne'er bend under
Slaughter's multiform array.

Hi certamen certant bonum
Qui, ut Christi passionum
Suppleant residua,
In melotis circumire
Casum omnem sortis diræ
Mente ferunt strenua.

Et hanc sortem nemo minus
Declinavit quam Quintinus;
Quem produxit stirps venusta
Gloriosum in Romanis;
Fatigavit Ambianis
Ut quiescat in Augusta.

Propter jugum Christi lene,
Premunt compes et catenæ
Carcerali clausum cella;
Sed triumphat bonus bene
Universum genus pœnæ,
Famen, frigus, et flagella.

Rogo facis, haustu plumbi
Concremantur ejus lumbi,
Os detestans ydola;
Neque plumbi, neque rogi,
Potu, flamma potest cogi,
Ut fiat Jovicola.

These have fought a good fight truly,
Who, that of Christ's sufferings fully
They might fill up what remained,
Bore, in sheepskins clad, to wander,
And a mind, still steadfast, under
Fortune's cruel lot maintained.

To escape this lot none ever
Less than Quintin did endeavour;
Glorious Rome itself confest him;
He, from fair stock there descended,
Toiled in Amiens, that, life ended,
He might in St. Quentin rest him.

Since Christ's easy yoke doth bless him,
Clamps and clanking chains compress him,
Kept in close incarceration;
But God's Saint, both good and holy,
Triumphs o'er all torments throughly,
Famine, frost, and flagellation.

He is burnt with lighted torches,
Molten lead that bold mouth scorches,
Which their idols durst reprove:
Neither draught of lead can force him,
Nor can flaming torch coerce him,
To adore the heathen Jove.

Inter ungues, ictu gravi,
Defiguntur decem clavi
Cuspide quadrangula ;
Sudes ferri suunt dorsum
Descendentes in deorsum
Ab utraque scapula.

Rastris demum præacutis
Exaratur ejus cutis
Propter verbi semina.
Lacerantur et lacerti,
Dum jubetur circumverti
Trochlearis machina.

De pretioso vertice
Subvolat mirifice,
Ut columba nivea :
Sublatum ab area,
Suffertur ad horrea
Granum sine palea,

Cujus contumelia
Gloriam, et gloria
Parturivit. Alleluia !

'Neath his nails, by hard blows riven,
Are ten nails then deeply driven
By a huge four-sided spear:
From each shoulder downward slanted,
Iron spits behind are planted,
And his flesh like needles tear.

With sharp-pointed rakes they flay him,
Ploughing off his skin, and slay him
For that Word's sake by him sown:
Rudely are his arms too riven,
Till at last command is given,
And the fatal knife falls down.

From his precious head doth fly
Upward most mysteriously
What appeared a milk-white dove:
From the threshing-floor below
Is the winnowed grain borne now
To God's barn in heaven above.

Glory this man's grief and shame
Have produced; that glory's fame
Alleluias to his name!

LXXXVI.

S. MARCELLUS.

I° aut III° NOVEMBRIS.

GAUDE, superna civitas,
  Nova frequentans cantica;
Accrescit tibi dignitas,
  Murorum surgit fabrica.

Faber et Fabri filius
Te restaurent in melius;
Fabri mens et industria
Relucet in materia.

In tua transit mœnia
  Marcellus, gemma præsulum.
Tibi præsens Ecclesia
  Præsentat hunc carbunculum.

Chorus, concordi spiritu,
Psallat in ejus transitu!
Grex pastoris miracula
Retractet mente sedula.

LXXXVI.

ST. MARCELLUS.

NOVEMBER 1ST OR 3RD.

SUPERNAL city ! joy and sing
Unceasingly new melodies :
Thy dignity doth upward spring,
As higher yet thy buildings rise !

O may thy Builder and his Son
Make thee a still more glorious one :
Thy Builder's pains and genius shine,
Reflected in thy stones divine.

Marcellus, gem of priceless worth
'Mongst bishops, in thy walls is blent :
To thee the Church of God on earth
This rare carbuncle doth present.

Choir ! his translation hence unite
With heart and voice to hymn aright !
Their shepherd's wondrous deeds to-day
His flock should busily pourtray.

Dum ferrum candens ponderat,
    Adhuc ætate tenera,
Tactu calorem temperat,
    Ferri prædicit pondera.

Dum Christi servus præsuli
    Ministrat aquæ calicem,
Christus ad laudem servuli
    Mutat in vinum laticem.

Nec minus est miraculum
    Quod succedit in ordine,
Cum, ferens aquæ vasculum,
    Haurit chrisma de flumine.

Vinum et chrisma præsulis
    Præferebant indicia,
Per quem baptisma populis,
    Per quem sacratur hostia.

Gradu minor quam meritis,
Vocem laxat antistitis;
Promotus in pontificem
Fert opem reo duplicem.

When he the red-hot iron weighs,
  Whilst he was yet of tender age,
Its heat he by his touch allays,
  And doth its weight exactly gauge.

Once, when, a Christian bishop's slave,
  He brings him water in an urn,
Christ, that the servant praise might have,
  The liquid into wine doth turn.

Nor less that miracle appears,
  Which next to this in order came ;
When he a pitcher thither bears,
  And holy oil draws from a stream.

The wine beforehand and the chrism
  The future bishop recognized,
Through whom to us comes baptism,
  Through whom the Host is sacrificed.

When less in rank than he should be,
A bishop's speech restoreth he ;
And, when himself a bishop made,
Affords a sinner twofold aid.

Sacris adstans altaribus,
    Vinctum videt in populo :
Solvit a pœnæ nexibus
    Et a peccati vinculo.

In serpente visibili
    Triumphat invisibilem :
Sic Christus invincibili
    Virtute ditat humilem.

Marcelle pater, respice
    Nos pietatis oculo,
Sub hujus adhuc lubricæ
    Carnis gementes vinculo.

Te diligentes unice,
    Te recolentes sedulo,
Consors lucis angelicæ
    Cœli subscribe titulo. Amen.

He, as he at God's altar stands,
And 'mongst the crowd a prisoner sees,
From penal fetters doth his hands,
His soul from bands of sin release.

He in a dragon men could see
The unseen dragon's fall completes :
Thus Christ endows humility
With courage that all foes defeats.

Father Marcellus ! with the eye
Of pious love regard us now,
Who, held still in captivity
By facile flesh, our grief avow.

Comrade of God's bright host above !
Do thou in heaven inscribe their name,
Who, loving thee with special love,
Here constantly renew thy fame ! Amen.

LXXXVII.

S. MARTINUS.

XII° NOVEMBRIS.

GAUDE, Sion, quæ diem recolis,
Qua Martinus compar Apostolis,
Mundum vincens, junctus cœlicolis
Coronatur.
Hic Martinus pauper et modicus,
Servus prudens, fidelis villicus,
Cœlo dives, civis angelicus,
Sublimatur.

Hic Martinus jam catechuminus
Nudum vestit, et nocte protinus
In sequenti, hac veste Dominus
Est indutus.
Hic Martinus spernens militiam,
Inimicis inermis obviam
Ire parat, baptismi gratiam
Assecutus.

LXXXVII.

ST. MARTIN.

NOVEMBER 12TH.

SION! rejoice, that celebratest here
The day, when Martin, the Apostles' peer,
The world o'ercome, doth, ranked with angels, wear
A crown of light.
This Martin, once a poor man, mean and low,
But a wise servant and true steward, now
To wealth in heaven is raised from earth below,
As angel bright.

This Martin in his catechumen's years
One naked clothes, when suddenly appears
To him the following night the Lord, who wears
That very dress.
This Martin, who a soldier's life had left,
Prepares all foes to meet, of arms bereft,
When he hath once obtained that precious gift,
Baptismal grace.

Hic Martinus, dum offert hostiam,
Intus ardet per Dei gratiam,
Supersedens apparet etiam
Globus ignis.
Hic Martinus, qui cœlum reserat,
Mari præest et terris imperat;
Morbos sanat et monstra superat
Vir insignis.

Hic Martinus nec mori timuit,
Nec vivendi laborem respuit,
Sicque Dei se totum tribuit
Voluntati.
Hic Martinus qui nulli nocuit,
Hic Martinus qui cunctis profuit,
Hic Martinus qui trinæ placuit
Majestati.

Hic Martinus, cujus est obitus
Severino per visum cognitus,
Dum cœlestis canit exercitus
Dulce melos.
Hic Martinus, cujus Sulpitius
Vitam scribit, astat Ambrosius
Sepulturæ, nil sibi conscius
Intrat cœlos.

This Martin, as he celebrateth Mass,
Glows with an inward ardour by God's grace;
While, resting on his head, they also trace
A ball of fire.
This Martin, who to heaven unlocks the way,
Rules o'er the sea, and o'er the land holds sway,
Doth sickness heal and dreadful monsters slay,
Illustrious Sire!

This Martin neither held grim death in fear,
Nor yet refused the toil of life to bear;
Himself thus wholly to God's will, whilst here,
Surrendering.
This Martin, who ne'er gave a creature pain,
This Martin, who to all the world brought gain,
This Martin, who well pleased Him who doth reign
As Triune King;

This Martin 'tis, whose death by God of old
To Severinus in a dream was told,
While from the lips of angel-cohorts rolled
Sweet melodies.
This Martin 'tis, whose life Sulpitius writes,
Whose burial also Ambrose' eyes delights,
Who, with clear conscience, enters heaven's far heights
Above the skies.

O Martine, pastor egregie,
O cœlestis consors militiæ,
Nos a lupi defendas rabie
Sævientis !
O Martine, fac nunc quod gesseras,
Deo preces pro nobis offeras ;
Esto memor, quam nunquam deseras
Tuæ gentis. Amen.

O Martin, famed 'mongst pastors here below !
The comrade of angelic cohorts now !
Against the rage of rabid wolf do thou
Our guardian be !
O Martin ! do, as thou art wont to do,
And, offering prayer to God, for us still sue !
Remember those thou leftest not, life through,
Thy family ! Amen.

LXXXVIII.

S. CATHARINA.

XXV° NOVEMBRIS.

VOX sonora nostri chori
Nostro sonet Conditori,
Qui disponit omnia,
Per quem dimicat imbellis,
Per quem datur et puellis
De viris victoria;

Per quem plebs Alexandrina
Feminæ non feminina
Stupuit ingenia,
Quum beata Catharina
Doctos vinceret doctrina,
Ferrum patientia.

Hæc ad gloriam parentum
Pulchrum dedit ornamentum
Morum privilegia,
Clara per progenitores,
Claruit per sacros mores
Ampliori gratia.

LXXXVIII.

ST. CATHARINE.

NOVEMBER 25TH.

LET our chorus' voice sonorous
Sound our Maker's praise, who for us
All things doth in place maintain :
Through whom fight th' unwarlike even,
Through whom 'tis to maidens given
Victory over men to gain.

Through whom Alexandria cowered,
By a woman's wits o'erpowered,
That no woman's strength reveal,
When St. Catharine, doctors' learning
By her doctrines' lore o'erturning,
In her patience quelled the steel.

She for purity of morals,
Added to ancestral laurels,
Gained herself a brilliant name ;
Eminent through her forefathers,
By her holy life she gathers,
Through higher grace, yet higher fame.

Florem teneri decoris
Lectionis et laboris
      Attrivere studia:
Nam perlegit disciplinas
Sæculares et divinas
      In adolescentia.

Vas electum, vas virtutum,
Reputavit sicut lutum
      Bona transitoria,
Et reduxit in contemptum
Patris opes et parentum
      Larga patrimonia.

Vasis oleum includens,
Virgo sapiens et prudens
      Sponso pergit obvia,
Ut, adventus ejus hora,
Præparata, sine mora
      Intret ad convivia.

Sistitur imperatori,
Cupiens pro Christo mori;
      Cujus in præsentia
Quinquaginta sapientes
Mutos reddit et silentes
      Virginis facundia.

All her bloom of tender beauty
Reading and the toilsome duty
Of deep study wore away:
For to learning was she given,
Secular and sacred, even
In her first youth's earliest day.

She, a vessel pure, elected,
Deemed as mire to be rejected
Transitory good things here;
All the riches of her father,
All the wealth his sires did gather,
But contemptible appear.

Full of oil her vessel being,
This wise virgin and foreseeing
Forth the bridegroom goes to meet;
That at once, when he arriveth,
She may at the feast he giveth
Be prepared to take her seat.

She,—to die for Christ delighted!—
When before the Emperor cited,
In his presence standing, then
With such maiden vigour speaketh,
That she mute and silent maketh
Fifty wise and learned men.

Carceris horrendi claustrum,
Et rotarum triste plaustrum,
Famem et jejunia,
Et quæcumque fiunt ei,
Sustinet amore Dei,
Eadem ad omnia.

Torta superat tortorem,
Superat imperatorem
Feminæ constantia:
Cruciatur imperator,
Quia cedit cruentator,
Nec valent supplicia.

Tandem capite punitur,
Et, dum morte mors finitur,
Vitæ subit gaudia.
Angelis mox fuit curæ
Dare corpus sepulturæ
Terra procul alia.

Oleum ex ipsa manat
Quod infirmos multos sanat
Evidenti gratia.
Bonum nobis dat unguentum,
Si per suum interventum
Nostra sanat vitia.

Horrible incarceration,
Hunger-pangs and sore privation,
That dread frame of spike-set wheels,
Yea, whate'er man to her doeth,
She, for God's sake, undergoeth,
And 'neath all like nerve reveals.

Tortured, she the torturer cheateth,
And the Emperor defeateth,
By her woman's constancy;
That the torturer wholly faileth,
And his torture naught availeth,
Wounds the Emperor fearfully.

Then at last, to death commended,
She, when death by death is ended,
Enters on life's joyful day.
Soon their care the angels make it
To remove her corpse, and take it
For interment far away.

From her tomb an oil there stealeth,
Which full many a sick man healeth,
Clearly by a grace divine.
Ointment rare to us she giveth,
If her prayer our souls relieveth,
As our vices' medicine.

Gaudens ipsa videat
De se præsens gaudia,
Et futura præbeat,
Quæ dedit præsentia,
Et hic nobis gaudeat,
Illi nos in gloria. Amen.

Present with us, may she see
  With like joy our joy in her,
And throughout futurity
  All her present gifts confer :
Here her joy, O may we be,
  And she ours in glory *there!* Amen.

LXXXIX.

DE BEATA VIRGINE.

IN TEMPORE NATIVITATIS DOMINI.

ANTE thorum virginalem,
Hymnum dicat spiritalem
Per orbem Ecclesia
In quo jacet,
Sicut placet,
Verbum Patris,
Suæ matris
Salva pudicitia.
Per hoc Verbum incarnatum,
Genus Adæ reparatum
Redit ad cœlestia.

Fide duce inquiratur,
Diligenti referatur
Studio per singula
Quid de Matre prædicetur,
Quid de Verbo recitetur
Per vatum oracula.

LXXXIX.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

AT CHRISTMAS.

LET the Church on earth be singing
Holy hymns, to earth's ends ringing,
Round the pure and virgin bed
That Word filleth,
As He willeth,
Heaven-descended;
Whilst unended
Is His mother's maidenhead,
By this Word's blest Incarnation
Adam's re-formed generation
Back to heavenly things is led.

Faith our guide, inquiries making,
Through them, each one singly, seeking,
Let us carefully unfold
What is of the Mother stated,
What is of the Word related,
In the prophecies of old.

Isaias loquitur:
"Virga Jesse oritur;
Surget flos de virgula!"
Virga notat Virginem
Et flos Deum-hominem
Reparantem sæcula.

Daniel, dic clara fronte:
"Hic abscissus est de monte
Lapis frangens statuam."
Mons est Virgo, lapis Verbum
Destruens regnum superbum
Per legem perpetuam.

Manu fortis qui prædicit,
Qui Goliam fortem vicit
In funda et lapide,
Fide bella superavit,
Pressit hostes, vires stravit
David gentis perfidæ.

Funda caro, Verbum lapis;
Si quod dico nondum sapis
Crede tamen omnia.
Jam de terra Veritas
Orta est, nec castitas
Incurrit contagia.

First, Isaiah saith these things:
"Lo! a rod from Jesse springs,
From whose root shall rise a flower!"
To the Virgin points the rod,
And the flower to that man-God,
Who doth all the world restore.

Bright-faced Daniel! say: "Behold now!
From the mount an hewn stone rolled now,
Which the statue's feet doth break!"
Mary is the mount, the riven
Stone the Word, which, sent from heaven,
Doth the haughty kingdom shake.

Strong-armed David, who foretelleth,
And the bold Goliath quelleth
With a sling and with a stone,
Conquered through a faith excelling,
Crushed his foes, the strength dispelling
Of a race so faithless shown.

Flesh the sling, the Word the stone, is;
If my tale as yet unknown is,
Still believe thou every word:
Truth hath now been born on earth,
No pollution at which birth
Was by chastity incurred.

O quam sanctus partus iste
In quo nihil fuit triste,
Immo plenus gaudio!
Præter morem hic est partus;
Nullus dolor gravat artus
Virginis de Filio.

Obumbravit
Et sacravit
Partum illum
Tam tranquillum
Plenitudo gratiæ,
Ut exiret
Et prodiret
Homo magnus,
Verus Agnus
Geminæ substantiæ.

Ad delenda mortis jura,
Carnis nostræ cum natura,
Intra claustra latet pura
Genetricis Mariæ.
Ortus Christi pacem donat;
Puer jacet, et coronat
Mansuetos, ut deponat
Filios superbiæ.

O that birth indeed was holy,
Wherein was no sadness truly,
Yea, which was with joy full filled!
'Twas a birth extraordinary,
Not a pang the limbs did weary
Of the Virgin through her Child.

Grace o'erflowing,
Round it glowing,
Covered fully
And made holy
That so very peaceful birth;
That the true Lamb,
Great, but human,
Thence a creature,
Twain in nature,
Might proceed and come on earth.

To destroy death's mortal power,
With our fleshly nature's dower,
Mary! He within the bower
Of thy spotless womb lies hid.
Earth with peace Christ's birth endoweth;
Rests the Child and crowns bestoweth
On the meek, but overthroweth
All the haughty sons of pride.

Gratia illuminati,
Ad præsepe Regis nati
Qui verba libri signati
    Solus potest legere,
Canticum novum cantemus,
Virginis partum laudemus,
Novum ducem adoremus
    Qui nos venit quærere.

Ergo, nostri reformator,
Esto nostri miserator,
Christe Pater, quos salvasti,
Quorum mentes tu signasti
    Vultus tui lumine.
Ut ad regnum perducamur,
Quod futurum præstolamur
Et lætemur tuæ pacis
Quam tu bonis benefacis
    De beatitudine. Amen.

Filled with light that grace supplieth,
Where the King's Son, cradled, lieth,
Who alone the seals untieth,
And can read the seven-sealed tome,
Let us a new song be raising,
And the Virgin's Son be praising,
That new Chief with worship gracing,
Who to seek for us hath come!

Show us therefore Thy compassion,
Thou, Who didst our souls re-fashion!
Whom, O Father Christ! Thou savest,
And whose hearts within Thou gravest
With Thy countenance's light,
That we, to that realm directed,
At some future time expected,
May rejoice, Thy peace possessing,
Which Thou blessest with the blessing
Of a blessedness so bright! Amen.

XC.

DE BEATA VIRGINE.

IN TEMPORE EPIPHANIÆ.

VIRGO, mater Salvatoris,
Angelorum grata choris,
Intus fove, serva foris
Nos benignis precibus:
Protulisti, virga, florem,
Cujus floris in odorem
Sancti currunt per amorem
Piis cum muneribus.

Tria dona reges ferunt:
Stella duce Regem quærunt,
Per quam certi semper erunt
De superno lumine:
Auro Regem venerantes,
Thure Deum designantes,
Myrrha mortem memorantes,
Sacro docti Flamine.

XC.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

AT THE EPIPHANY.

VIRGIN, who a Saviour bore us!
Loved by the angelic chorus!
Cheer within, without watch o'er us
With thy kindly prayers above:
Rod! who hast produced a flower,
T'ward whose sweetness through love's power
Hasten holy men, to shower
On it gifts of pious love.

Threefold gifts the three kings carry;
Sure of heaven's bright luminary,
As, star-led, they haste nor tarry,
Seeking for the new-born King:
Gold, the Monarch venerating;
Incense, Godhead indicating;
Myrrh, His death commemorating,
By the Spirit led, they bring.

Dies iste jubilæus
Dici debet quo Sabæus
Plene credens quod sit Deus
    Mentis gaudet requie;
Plebs Hebræa jam tabescit;
Multa sciens, Deum nescit,
Sed Gentilis fide crescit,
    Visa Christi facie.

Synagoga pridem cara,
Fide fulgens et præclara,
Vilis jacet et ignara
    Majestatis Parvuli;
Seges Christi prius rara,
Mente rudis et amara,
Contemplatur luce clara
    Salvatorem sæculi.

Synagoga cæca, doles,
Quia Saræ crescit proles,
Cum ancillæ prolem moles
    Gravis premat criminum:
Tu tabescis et laboras;
Sarah ridet dum tu ploras,
Quia novit quem ignoras,
    Redemptorem hominum.

Joyful should be this occasion,
When a man of Saba's nation,
Certain 'tis God's revelation,
    Joys with restful heart in peace :
Now decay the Jews' race showeth ;
Knowing much, ne'er God it knoweth ;
But in faith the Gentile groweth,
    Having seen God face to face.

Synagogue, such love once winning,
With faith's glory brightly shining,
Lies unhonoured, ne'er divining
    That young Infant's majesty.
Christ's crop, once but slender rated,
Rude in mind, uncultivated,
In clear light hath contemplated
    This world's Saviour, eye to eye.

Grief thou, blinded Law ! art showing,
Now that Sara's son is growing,
While the bands of grave misdoing
    Press on the bond-woman's son :
Thou in prostrate weakness liest ;
Loud laughs Sarah whilst thou sighest,
Knowing Him whom thou deniest,
    Nor hast as man's Saviour known.

Consecratus patris ore,
Jacob gaudet cum tremore:
Tu rigaris cœli rore
    Et terræ pinguedine;
Delectaris in terrenis
Rebus, vanis et obscœnis;
Jacob tractat de serenis
    Et Christi dulcedine.

Unguentorum in odore
Sancti currunt cum amore,
Quia nova fragrat flore
    Nova Christi venia.
Ad peccatum prius prona,
Jam percepit sponsa dona,
Sponsa recens, et corona
    Decoratur aurea.

Adstat sponsa Regi nato
Cui ritu servit grato
In vestitu deaurato,
    Aureis in fimbriis;
Orta rosa est ex spinis,
Cujus ortus sive finis
Semper studet in divinis
    Et Regis deliciis.

Jacob at his father's blessing
Trembles, his great joy expressing;
Thou art moist, heaven's dew possessing,
    And the fatness of the ground:
Thy delight are things terrestrial,
Vain and empty, coarse and bestial;
Jacob deals with things celestial,
    And Christ's sweetness spread around.

Of his sweet good ointment smelling,
Haste these saints, fond love impelling,
For new fragrance, all excelling,
    Christ's new pardon doth unfold.
Though to sin of yore oft driven,
Sees the Bride those gifts of heaven,
That new Bride, to whom is given
    A resplendent crown of gold.

Near the King, the Son, her station
Keeps the Bride in adoration,
Broidered gold's reticulation
    Covering o'er her vesture bright.
Forth a rose now thorns are sending,
Which, from birth to life's last ending,
Is to things of heaven attending,
    And the King's own full delight.

Hæc est sponsa spiritalis,
Vero sponso specialis;
Sponsus iste nos a malis
Servet et eripiat:
Mores tollat hic ineptos,
Sibi reddat nos acceptos,
Et ab hoste sic ereptos
In cœlis recipiat. Amen.

This is that one Bride of heaven,
To the one true Bridegroom given ;
May all ills from us be driven
      By this Bridegroom's watchful care :
Of bad habits may He break us,
To Himself well-pleasing make us,
And thus into heaven take us,
      Rescued from the Devil's snare ! Amen.

XCI.

DE BEATA VIRGINE.

In tempore Paschali.

PREF. Virgini Mariæ laudes intonent Christiani!

1. Eva tristis abstulit,—sed Maria protulit—natum qui redemit peccatores.
   Mors et vita modulo—convenere mirando: Mariæ filius regnat vivus.

2. "Dic nobis, Maria,—virgo clemens et pia,—quomodo facta es genetrix,—cum tu sis plasma de te nascentis?"
   "Angelus est testis—ad me missus cœlestis,—processit ex me spes mea—sed incredula manet Judæa."

XCI.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

AT EASTER-TIDE.

PREFACE. Let all Christians sound the praise of the blessed Virgin Mary.

1. Of a son poor Eve deprived—man, but Mary One conceived,—Who redemption purchased for all sinners.
Death and life together met,—make a music wondrous sweet;—the Son that Mary bore is King e'ermore.

2. "Mary! now be telling,—O Maid in love excelling!—how thou a mother didst become,—though made by Him sprung from thine own womb?"
"Angel-proof was given,—sent down to me from heaven,—from my womb my hope proceeded—but incredulous Jews never heeded."

3. Credendum est magis soli Gabrieli forti—quam
   Judæorum pravæ cohorti.
   Scimus Christum processisse de Virgine vere;—
   Tu nobis, Nate Rex, miserere. Amen.

3. Rather mighty Gabriel's word alone should we believe in,—than Jewish legions, base and deceiving.

Christ, we know, proceeded from the Virgin Mary truly;—O Son and King! have mercy on us throughly! Amen.

XCII.

DE BEATA VIRGINE.

AVE, Virgo singularis,
Porta vitæ, stella maris,
Ave, decus virginum;
Tota virgo, sed fecunda,
Casta corde, carne munda,
Gignens Christum Dominum!

Mater Ejus qui creavit,
[Qui] distinxit et ornavit
Cœlum, terram, maria,
Vivit, regnat, dominatur,
Cujus nullo terminatur
Fine regni gloria.

Cujus, ejus quid dicemus,
Quibus verbis explicemus
Nomen tanti numinis?
Ejus quippe magnitudo,
Virtus, honor, pulchritudo
Cor excedit hominis.

XCII.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

VIRGIN, hail! like none before thee!
Hail to thee, all virgins' glory!
Gate of life, and ocean's star!
Though a mother, virgin doubtless!
Chaste in heart, in body spotless,
When thou Christ, the Lord, didst bear!

Mother, whose own Son created
And adorned and decorated
Heaven and earth and every sea;
Who lives, rules, and power possesses,
And whose glorious rule ne'er ceases
Throughout all eternity!

Him how shall we be pourtraying?
In what words a name displaying,
Which is so divine indeed?
To describe his greatness fully,
Goodness, honour, beauty truly
Doth man's highest thoughts exceed!

Res mutando, dic, natura,
Dic, ubi sunt tua jura?
    Virgo parit filium,
Quæ, conceptu Veritatis,
Incorruptæ castitatis
    Non amittit lilium.

Virgo fuit ante partum,
Et dum parit, et post partum,
    Virgo mente, corpore.
Verbum Patris sine matre
Sancta mater sine patre
    Genuit in tempore.

Virga florem, stella solem,
Coæternam Patri prolem
    Virgo mater genuit;
Sol et lumen, et decorem,
Flos et fructum et odorem
    Toti mundo præbuit.

Hic est enim, ipso teste,
Verum lumen et cœleste,
    Cibus indeficiens,
Panis vivus mendicantis,
Sed credentis et amantis
    Animam reficiens.

Or again, O nature! tell us,
Where thy laws are that compel us?
A pure maid bears progeny,
Who, when Truth her womb encloses,
Nathless ne'er the lily loses
Of corruptless chastity!

Virgin ere the birth appearing,
At the birth and after bearing,
Soul and body, she is pure.
Word of Father without mother,
Holy mother! without other
Father she in due time bore.

Star bore sun, and rod bore flower,
And Him of co-equal power
With the Father bore a maid:
Light that sun and grace completest,
Fruit that flower and scents the sweetest,
Through the whole world have conveyed.

For He is,—'tis witness given
By Himself,—true Light from heaven,
Food that faileth nevermore,
Bread of life for him that seeks it,
Which for him, who trusts and takes it,
Can his loving heart restore.

Eva mater per reatum
Stola vitæ spoliatum
    Morti dedit hominem;
Culpa perit, mors recedit;
Datur salus, vita redit
    Per Mariam Virginem.

Virgo potens et benigna,
Angelorum laude digna
    Plena Dei gratia,
Laudes tuas decantamus,
Corde tibi supplicamus:
    Dele nostra vitia.

Pœnitentes confitemur
Mala quibus promeremur
    Iram Dei vindicem:
Tu miserta tui gregis,
O regina, mater Regis,
    Placa nobis judicem.

Cara Deo, semper ora
Pro misellis et implora
    Peccatorum veniam.
Servis tuis Jesu Christi
Quem tu, Virgo, genuisti
    Tu reforma gratiam.

Eve, our mother, through transgression,
Bringing on mankind death's passion,
    Life's bright robe from them hath torn;
Guilt is o'er, hence death is driven,
Life brought back, salvation given,
    Of the Virgin Mary born.

Kind and mighty Virgin! worthy
That the angels sing before thee!
    Full of God Almighty's grace!
In our songs true praise we pay thee,
And with our whole heart we pray thee,
    That thou wilt our sins erase!

We confess with contrite spirit
Deeds of sin, for which we merit
    God's corrective chastening:
Thine own flock commiserate thou,
And our Judge's wrath abate thou,
    O Queen-Mother of our King!

Loved of God! God e'er adjure thou
For the wretched, and implore thou
    Pardon for our sinful race:
Thine own servants' cause thus urging,
For them now renew, O Virgin!
    Jesus Christ, Thine own Son's, grace!

O Maria, Redemptoris
Creatura, Creatoris
    Genetrix magnifica,
Per te nobis reparatrix,
Per te fiat consolatrix
    Tua proles unica!

Donet nobis rectam mentem,
In adversis patientem,
    In secundis humilem,
Fidem puram, spem securam,
Caritatem permansuram,
    Qua nihil est melius.

Opus veræ pietatis
Et decorem castitatis
    Intus et exterius,
Ut sit vita speciosa,
Sit mors nostra pretiosa
    In conspectu Domini.

Deo Patri Filioque,
Procedenti ab utroque
    Sed non temporaliter,
Regnum, decus, et potestas,
Honor, virtus, et majestas
    Nunc et æternaliter! Amen.

Mary, our Redeemer's creature !
Mother of thine own Creator !
O most high and noble one !
Through thee, as our life's reviver,
Through thee, as our comfort-giver,
May we have thine only Son !

With a right mind may He bless us,
Patient, whene'er woes distress us,
Humble in prosperity ;
Faith unspotted, hope firm rooted,
Charity that lasts, reputed
Therefore greatest of the three :

Deeds too of true pious duty,
Joined with chastity's chaste beauty,
Both within us and without,
That our life here of the fairest,
And our death at last the dearest,
In the Lord's sight may be thought.

To the Godhead, Son, and Father,
And to Him, from both together
Come ere time began to be,
Glory, rule, and power supernal,
Honour, goodness, might eternal,
Now and everlastingly ! Amen.

XCIII.

DE BEATA VIRGINE.

O MARIA, stella maris,
Pietate singularis,
Pietatis oculo
Nos digneris intueri;
Ne cuncteris misereri
Naufraganti sæculo.

In hac valle lacrymarum
Nihil dulce, nihil carum,
Suspecta sunt omnia:
Quid hic nobis erit tutum,
Cum nec ipsa vel virtutum
Tuta sit victoria.

Caro nobis adversatur,
Mundus carni suffragatur
In nostram perniciem;
Hostis instat, nos infestans,
Nunc se palam manifestans,
Nunc occultans rabiem.

XCIII.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

BLESSED Mary, Star of ocean !
Peerless in thy love's devotion !
T'wards us deign to turn thy gaze ;
Look on us in loving fashion,
Nor delay to show compassion
For a lost and shipwrecked race !

In this vale of tears unceasing
Nought is loved, and nought is pleasing ;
All is vague and insecure :
What assurance can be given
To us of aught here, when even
Virtue's triumph is not sure !

Here the flesh against us fighteth,
Here the world with it uniteth
For our utter overthrow :
Here the foe is, souls molesting,
Now his fierce wrath manifesting
Openly, in secret now.

Et peccamus, et punimur,
Et diversis irretimur
    Laqueis venantium ;
O Maria, mater Déi,
Tu post Deum summa spei,
    Tu dulce refugium ;

Tot et tantis irretiti
Non valemus his reniti
    Nec vi, nec industria :
Consolatrix miserorum,
Suscitatrix mortuorum,
    Mortis rumpe retia.

Intendentes tuæ laudi,
Nos attende, nos exaudi,
    Nos a morte libera :
Quæ post Christum prima sedes,
Inter Christi cohæredes
    Christo nos annumera.

Jesu, mitis et benigne,
Cujus nomen est insigne,
    Dulce, salutiferum,
Munus nobis da salutis,
In defectu constitutis
    Plenitudo munerum.

We both sin, and we are chastened,
And around us there are fastened
Divers toils of hunters here :
Mary ! thou, God's mother holy,
After God our hope art solely,
And our refuge sweet and dear !

In such meshes and so many
Snared, we fail to loosen any
With our utmost power and pains :
Do Thou, who to mourners givest
Comfort, and the dead revivest,
Break through death's entangling chains.

As to praise thee we endeavour,
Hearing, listening to us ever,
From death's power set us free :
Thou, whose throne to Christ's is nighest !
'Mongst Christ's co-heirs in the highest
Let us be enrolled by thee !

Jesu, gracious and most tender !
Thou, Whose name is bright with splendour,
Sweet, and rich in saving-health !
Grant to us Thy free salvation,
And, since marred is Thy creation,
Thy good gifts in boundless wealth.

Pater, Fili, Consolator,
Unus Deus, unus dator
Septiformis gratiæ,
Solo nutu pietatis,
Fac nos simplæ Trinitatis
Post spem frui specie! Amen.

Father, Son, and Soul-reviver!
The one God, and the one Giver
Of the sevenfold gifts of grace!
Triune God! in love be willing,
That we, all past hopes fulfilling,
May enjoy Thee face to face! Amen.

XCIV.

DE BEATA VIRGINE.

ORBIS totus
Unda lotus
Christiani lavacri
Ad Mariam
Matrem piam
Voce clamat alacri!

Matrem illam
Quæ mamillam
Præbuit Altissimo
Collaudemus,
Decantemus
Cantu jocundissimo.

Mater Dei,
Per quam rei
Redeunt ad veniam,
Seda diram
Clemens iram
Ac refunde gratiam.

XCIV.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

WASHED with shower
Through the power
Of the Christian font displayed,
All earth raises
High thy praises,
Mary, loving mother-maid !

Praises ring we,
Praises sing we,
Mother ! in glad song to thee
Who suppliest
God most Highest
From thy breast in infancy.

O God's maiden
Mother, aiding
Sinners pardon to obtain,
Wrath disarming,
True love warming,
Pour out grace on us again !

Hostes arce,
Servis parce
Tibi famulantibus,
Et felicem
Genetricem
Dei te fatentibus.

Sis adjutrix,
Dei nutrix,
Christiani populi.
Cujus votis
Ad te totis
Diriguntur oculi.

Natum ora
Et implora,
Ne plebs ejus pereat,
Sed, ductrice
Genetrice
Te, ad vitam redeat.

Sic dic ei :
" Fili Dei
Sed et meus unice,
Nate meus
Atque Deus,
Exorantem respice.

Foemen scare thou,
And those spare thou,
Who, as servants serving thee,
Have confessed thee,
Ever blest, the
Mother of our God to be.

Nurse of heaven !
Help be given
By thee to that Christian race,
Praying, praising,
Ever gazing
Upward to behold thy face.

So adore Him,
And implore Him,
That His flock, not left to die,
With no other,
But His mother,
As its guide, may live on high.

" Son of Heaven !
To me given
As mine only Son ! " thus say,
" Whom I call so,
Though God also !
Look upon me as I pray !

"Recordare
Quis, et quare
Matrem habes virginem;
Causa nota
Est et tota,
Ut salvares hominem.

"Per hanc audi
Et exaudi
Te colentem populum:
Hac spe ducta
Nec seducta
Te lactavi parvulum;

"Exorando,
Venerando,
Deum tegens tegmine,
Quem fovebam
Quem mulcebam
Latentem sub homine!"

Exaudiat pro hac familia
Oro, mater, matris fiducia! Amen.

"Think Thou wherefore,
Whom to care for,
Thou didst fill a virgin's womb!
The one glorious
And notorious
Cause was saving man from doom!

"For this reason
At this season
Hear and grant Thy people's prayer:
'Twas this guiding
Hope, abiding,
Made Thy youth my nursing care;

"Whilst imploring
And adoring,
Covering up that God from cold,
Whom I tended,
And, tears ended,
Soothed, when hid in human mould!"

O I pray that, Mother! for love of thee
He may hear thy prayer for this family! Amen.

XCV.

DE BEATA VIRGINE.

HODIERNÆ lux diei
Celebris in matris Dei
Agitur memoria :
Decantemus in hac die
Semper virginis Mariæ
Laudes et præconia.

Omnis homo, omni hora,
Ipsam ora et implora
Ejus patrocinia ;
Psalle, psalle nisu toto
Cordis, oris voce, voto :
"Ave plena gratia !"

Ave, regina cœlorum,
Inexperta viri thorum,
Parens paris nescia !
Fecundata sine viro,
Genuisti more miro
Genitorem, filia.

XCV.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

THIS bright day, so celebrated,
Is the fame perpetuated
Of the mother of our God :
Of the ever-virgin Mary
Praise, laudation, let us carry
In our song this day abroad.

All mankind ! towards her turning
Night and morning, pray with yearning
That she will protect our race :
Sing, with all your hearts' might sing ye,
As your lips' word-offering bring ye,
"Hail to thee, full filled with grace !"

"Hail to thee, O Queen of heaven !
Ne'er in human wedlock given ;
Nursing-mother, like to none !
Daughter ! though with child to no man,
Thou hast wondrously, as woman,
Borne thy Father as thy Son.

Florens hortus, austro flante,
Porta clausa post et ante,
Via viris invia ;
Fusa cœli rore tellus,
Fusum Gedeonis vellus
Deitatis pluvia !

Salve, splendor firmamenti,
Tu caliginosæ menti
Desuper irradia :
Placa mare, maris stella,
Ne nos involvat procella
Et tempestas obvia :
Amen dicant omnia !

"Garden fair, where south wind bloweth !
Portal, closed, through which none goeth
Ere or since ; path man ne'er trod !
Soil bedewed with dew from heaven !
Gideon's fleece, to which was given
Moisture from the rain of God !

"Hail, the firmament's bright glory !
On our dark minds, we implore thee,
From above thy rays pour down :
Calm the sea, thou Star of ocean !
Lest amidst the storm's commotion
And wild adverse winds we drown !"
"Amen," say ye every one !

XCVI.

DE BEATA VIRGINE.

JESSE virgam humidavit
Et in fructum fecundavit
Ros misericordiæ;
Fructus mundo medicinam
Dedit, et mundi ruinam
Relevavit hodie.

Virgo parit, nec est læsa virginis integritas,
Sed in domo castitatis perseverat castitas.
Nec mutatur, dum assumit hominem, divinitas,
Sed assumpta gloriatur in Deum humanitas.

Sic hamum divinitatis occultat mortalitas,
Sic voracis Leviathan luditur voracitas,

XCVI.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

MERCY'S dew upon it showered
Jesse's sterile rod empowered
Fruit in plenty to bring forth;
To the world that fruit hath given
Medicine, which this day hath driven
Ruin from the face of earth.

Though a maid becomes a mother, still a maiden pure is she,
Safe in chastity's chaste dwelling still abideth chastity;
When it taketh man into it, still the Godhead is the same;
But when into God thus taken, glory doth the manhood claim.

As the hook, thus God is hidden 'neath the bait of mortal man,
And the fierceness thus deluded of the fierce Leviathan,

Qui dum capit glutiendum nostri vermem generis,
Ipse captus inescatur; pax est data posteris!

Variatur lex naturæ,
Stupet ordo genituræ,
    Mutatur proprietas:
Mamma lactat virginalis
Creatorem; spiritalis
    Esurit satietas.

Hoc opus consideravit
Habacuc, et hoc expavit
    Inter animalia
Quod fit continens contentum,
Quod nutritur nutrimentum,
    Quod fit mater filia.

Vagit infans, sed vagitus
Nunquam talis est auditus,
    Dum plorat lætitia,
Noster fletus hilaratur,
Cœlum gaudet, et cantatur
    In excelsis gloria! Amen.

Who, while seizing on to swallow, as a worm, our mortal race,
Is himself enticed and taken, and posterity hath peace!

Nature, suffering variation
'Gainst the rules of generation,
Breaks her law; a virgin's breast
Feeds her Maker, here embodied,
And the fulness of the Godhead
Is with hunger-pangs opprest.

Habakkuk this marvel pondered,
And thereat, awe-stricken, wondered,
That 'mongst cattle, cradled, lies,—
Though containing all, containèd;
And, though food, to feed constrainèd,—
One, Whose child His mother is.

Cries those infant lips deliver,
But the like were heard here never:
Whilst our Joy his grief displays,
Man, his sorrows o'er, rejoices,
Heaven's self joys, and angel voices
"Glory in the highest!" raise! Amen.

XCVII.

DE BEATA VIRGINE.

AVE, mundi spes, Maria,
Ave, mitis, ave, pia,
Ave, plena gratia;
Ave, virgo singularis,
Quæ per rubum designaris
Non passum incendia.

Ave, rosa
Speciosa,
Ave, Jesse virgula,
Cujus fructus
Nostri luctus
Relaxavit vincula!

Ave, cujus viscera,
Contra carnis fœdera,
Ediderunt filium,
Ave, carens simili,
Mundo diu flebili
Reparasti gaudium.

XCVII.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

MARY, hail! the world's hope truly!
Hail, so gentle! hail, so holy!
Hail, full filled with every grace!
Virgin, hail! o'er all elected!
Who art by that bush depicted,
On which fire could leave no trace!

Hail, thou fair one!
Rose of Sharon!
Rod of Jesse! hail to thee,
Whose fruit ever
Doth deliver
Man from bonds of misery!

Hail to thee, who didst produce,
Contrary to nature's use,
From within thy womb a Son!
Hail to thee who hast no peers!
Who for earth so long in tears
Hast once more true gladness won!

Ave, virginum lucerna,
Per quam fulsit lux superna
His quos umbra tenuit.
Ave, Virgo de qua nasci
Et de cujus lacte pasci
Rex cœlorum voluit.

Ave, gemma, cœli luminarium,
Ave, sancti Spiritus sacrarium.

O quam mirabilis
Et quam laudabilis
Hæc est virginitas,
In qua per Spiritum
Facta Paraclitum
Fulsit fecunditas!

O quam sancta, quam serena,
Quam benigna, quam amœna
Esse Virgo creditur,
Per quam servitus finitur,
Porta cœli aperitur,
Et libertas redditur!

O castitatis lilium,
Tuum precare filium,
Qui salus est humilium,

Hail, thou lamp to virgins given !
Through which shone the light of heaven
Unto those in darkness laid !
Virgin, hail ! who first to bear Him,
And, when born, with milk to rear Him,
By the King of Heaven wast bade !

Hail, thou bright gem that lightest up the sky !
Hail, the blest Spirit's holiest sanctuary !

How unlike human ways,
How worthy all our praise,
Is that virginity,
With the sweet Spirit's aid
A fruitful parent made,
Brilliant exceedingly !

O how lovely, O how holy,
O how kind, how charming truly,
Is that Virgin held to be
Through whom bondage here is ended,
Heaven's bright portal wide extended,
And renewed man's liberty !

O chastity's pure lily ! speak,
And from thy Son in worship seek,
Who is the Saviour of the meek,

Ne nos pro nostro vitio,
In flebili judicio
Subjiciat supplicio;

Sed nos tua sancta prece
Mundans a peccati fæce,
Collocet in lucis domo:
Amen dicat omnis homo!

That He of all our misdeeds ne'er
May in the tearful judgment *there*
Cause us the punishment to bear;

But at thy devout petition
Cleanse us from sin's foul condition,
And convey us to light's dwelling:
With "Amen" all lips be swelling!

XCVIII.

DE SS. APOSTOLIS.

COR angustum dilatemus
Ut senatus exaltemus
Laudes apostolici;
Læta linguæ mens collaudet,
Quæ si laudi se defraudet,
Fructus laus est modici.

Petro laudis sit primatus,
Cui provenit principatus
In sacrum collegium;
Petro tradit claves cœli,
Petro credit ut fideli
Curam Christus omnium.

Paulus, tuba veritatis,
Cultum suadet pietatis,
Obstat idolatriæ;
Post sudores tot agonum
Dat athletæ Christus donum,
Coronam justitiæ.

XCVIII.

OF THE HOLY APOSTLES.

BE the narrow heart dilated,
That the fame be celebrated
Of the Apostles, one and all;
Join, glad heart and tongue! in chanting,
For, if heart to praise be wanting,
Then the fruit of praise is small.

Peter claims first place in praises,
Whom his post of primate places
Over all the sacred band:
Christ commits the keys of heaven
Unto Peter, having given
Chief charge to his faithful hand.

Paul, the trump of truth, persuadeth
To a worship love pervadeth,
And doth idol-creeds suppress:
When,—his good fight fought,—he goeth
Hence, his champion Christ endoweth
With a crown of righteousness.

Gaudens sequi Christum ducem,
Fert Andreas promptus crucem,
　　Promptus ad suspendium;
Plebs Ægeam, hinc Ægeas
Adit crucem, sed Andreas
　　Renuit remedium.

Super gressus vim naturæ,
Verbum Dei cernit pure
　　Par Johannes aquilæ:
Nil aut parum mortem sensit
Qui corrumpi non consensit
　　Corpus corruptibile.

Unum nomen, una fides,
Unam pœnam pene vides
　　Utriusque Jacobi:
Ferro collum huic abscidunt,
Fuste caput huic elidunt
　　Contribules reprobi.

Hæret Thomas, timet prius:
Videt, palpat, clamat pius
　　Deum mox et Dominum;
Indos Christo lucrifacit,
Quorum rex hunc interfecit,
　　Nec rex, sed vir sanguinum.

Prompt, his cross-tree Andrew raises;
Prompt, upon it death he faces,
Following Christ's lead joyfully:
When his life the crowd bespeaketh,
And his cross Ægeas seeketh,
Andrew spurns the remedy.

John, who, eagle-like, ascendeth
Higher than Nature's course extendeth,
Sees God's Word as clear as day:
Death he scarcely felt, if ever,
Who would let his body never,
Though decayable, decay.

One in name, one faith avowing,
Nigh one death too undergoing,
Both the Jameses thou may'st ken:
With the sword one's head is severed,
With a club the other's shivered,
By his godless countrymen.

Thomas, who first doubts and feareth,
Seeing, touching, soon declareth
Lovingly, "my Lord! my God!"
India he for Christ acquireth,
Neath whose king's hands he expireth,—
Not a king,—a man of blood!—

Philippus lustrans Scythiam
Fide purgat spurcitiam
    Veteris perfidiæ.
Morum silet barbaries,
Martis ruit effigies,
    Crux habetur gloriæ.

India distans ultima
Deo vocatur proxima
    Fidei compendio:
Bartholomeus impiis
Fidem firmat prodigiis
    Et vitæ impendio.

Spreto quæstu telonei,
Publicano Verbi Dei
    Delegatur gratia:
Pane vitæ præmunitus,
Secus aram non invitus
    Christum placat hostia.

Fines ingressus Persidis,
Fidem propalat perfidis
    Judas, accito Simone;
Spargunt doctrinæ semina,
Delent profana numina,
    Curant delusos dæmone.

Through Scythia's coasts doth Philip pass,
And purgeth thence the filthiness
Of its want of faith of old:
Its barbarous ways all silent be;
Falls from its place Mars' effigy,
Whilst high rank the Cross doth hold.

India, in distance most remote,
The nearest unto God is brought,
When its faith is duly weighed:
Bartholomew faith ratifies
'Mongst heathen tribes by prodigies,
And his life in ransom paid.

The publican, who lucre spurned,
And from the receipt of custom turned,
Receives the grace of God the Word:
With bread of life beforehand braced,
A victim by the altar placed,
He gladly dies for Christ his Lord.

Jude publishes through Persia's coasts
The true faith to its heathen hosts,
When Simon answered his appeal:
The seeds of doctrine there they sow;
There too the heathen gods o'erthrow,
And those possessed by devils heal.

Non secutus fortuitum,
Sed sortis regens exitum
    Matthiam Deus eligit;
Barnabæ felix meritum,
Quo collega, per Spiritum
    Paulus salvandos colligit.

Cœli cives digni dici,
Christi fratres et amici,
    Consessuri judices,
Quando fremet furor iræ,
Date nobis non sentire
    Flammas culpæ vindices. Amen.

God, Who by hazard doeth nought,
But rules the issue of the lot,
Elects Matthias to his post:
While Barnabas a blest name shares,
Whose colleague, Paul, salvation's heirs
Collecteth through the Holy Ghost.

"Citizens" well named "of heaven,"
"Friends of Christ," and "brethren" even,
Who shall sit to judge all men!
When wrath's fury doth confound us,
Grant we ne'er may feel around us
Flames, the punishment of sin! Amen.

XCIX.

DE SS. APOSTOLIS.

CŒLI solem imitantes,
In occasu triumphantes,
Ortum solis afferunt,
Ortum solis et occasum,
Quorum omnes ita casum
Fines terræ referunt.

Petrum, Paulum, et Andream
Per Neronem, per Ægeam
Roma, Patras perimunt:
Herodes, gens Pharisæa
Jacobis et in Judæa
Binis vitam adimunt.

Johannes, ut est vocatus
Ab Epheso, est translatus
Ad Christi convivia;
Mauri trucidant Matthæum
Et Indi Bartholomæum
Et Philippum Scythia.

XCIX.

OF THE HOLY APOSTLES.

LIKE the setting sun in heaven,
These, most glorious in life's even,
Introduce the Sun's new birth,
Yea, the true Sun's rise and setting;
Of whose fate, their deaths relating,
Tell thus all the ends of earth.

Patras by Ægeas' orders,
And by Nero's Rome's own borders,
Andrew, Paul and Peter slay:
In Judæa Herod's action,
And the Pharisaic faction,
Take the Jameses' lives away.

John, returning, when commanded,
Back from Ephesus, ascended
To Christ's banquet in the skies:
Matthew Moorish butchers martyr,
India's hordes Nathanael slaughter,
Whilst in Scythia Philip dies.

Thomam Indi, Judam Persæ
Simonemque; sic diverse
Cœli cœlos penetrant;
Sic ascendunt cœli cœlos,
Ubi Christo fundunt melos,
Nobis vitam impetrant. Amen.

Jude and Simon Persia, Thomas
India murders; thus, ta'en from us,
All pierce heaven a different way;
To the heaven of heavens thus soar they,
Where sweet songs to Christ outpour they,
And for life for us men pray. Amen.

C.

DE SS. APOSTOLIS.

STOLA regni laureatus
Summi Regis est senatus,
Cœtus apostolicus;
Cui psallant mens et ora:
Mentis mundæ vox sonora
Hymnus est angelicus.

Hic est ordo mundi decus,
Omnis carnis judex æquus,
Novæ petra gratiæ,
Ab æterno præelectus,
Cujus floret architectus
Ad culmen Ecclesiæ.

Hi præclari Nazarei
Bella Crucis et tropæi
Mundo narrant gloriam;
Sic dispensant verbum Dei,
Quod nox nocti, lux diei
Indicant scientiam.

C.

OF THE HOLY APOSTLES.

DECKED with robes such state befitting,
As the Great King's council sitting
Is the Apostles' company!
Hearts and lips to it are singing;
For a pure heart's accents ringing
Make angelic melody.

'Tis the glory of creation,
Righteous judge of every nation,
'Tis the rock of new-found grace,
From eternity elected,
Whose chief builder is erected
In the Church's crowning place.

These famed Nazarites the story
Of the Cross's wars and glory
To the world at large narrate;
God's own word so widely spreading,
That the knowledge all succeeding
Nights and mornings indicate.

Onus leve, jugum mite
Proponentes, semen vitæ
Mundi spargunt terminis ;
Germen promit terra culta,
Fœneratur fruge multa
Fides Dei-hominis.

Paranymphi novæ Legis,
Ad amplexum novi Regis
Sponsam ducunt regiam,
Sine ruga, sine nævo,
Permansuram omni ævo
Virginem Ecclesiam.

Hæc est virgo gignens fœtus,
Semper nova, tamen vetus,
Sed defectus nescia,
Cujus thorus mens sincera,
Cujus partus fides vera,
Cujus dos est gratia !

Hi sunt templi fundamentum,
Vivus lapis et cæmentum
Ligans ædificium :
Hi sunt portæ civitatis,
Hi compago unitatis
Israël et gentium.

Christ's light yoke and burden preaching,
Earth's extremest borders reaching,
Scatter they the seed of life:
Cultured earth yields crop redundant,
And with fruit yet more abundant
Faith in the God-man is rife.

Bridesmen of the new law given,
To the new King's arms in heaven
They conduct the royal bride,
Holy Church, who,—from her purging
Spot or wrinkle,—ever virgin
Through all ages shall abide.

Virgin is she, though child-bearing;
Ever young, though old appearing;
Knowing nought of failing power:
Stainless heart the couch she shareth,
Faith sincere the babe she beareth,
Heavenly grace her ample dower.

On these is the Church erected,
By them are its parts connected,
Each therein a lively stone:
These too are the city's portals,
These the link that bindeth mortals,
Jew and Gentile, into one.

Hi triturant aream,
Ventilantes paleam
Ventilabri justitia;
Quos designant ærei
Boves maris vitrei
Salomonis industria.

Patriarchæ duodeni,
Fontes aquæ gustu leni,
Panes tabernaculi,
Gemmæ vestis sacerdotis,
Hæc figuris signant notis
Novi duces populi.

Horum nutu cedat error,
Crescat fides, absit terror
Finalis sententiæ.
Ut soluti a delictis
Sociemur benedictis
Ad tribunal gloriæ. Amen.

These, who, wielding Justice' fan,
On the barn-floor from the grain
The useless chaff are winnowing out,
Those twelve brazen oxen be
Round about the molten sea,
Which for king Solomon were wrought.

The twelve Patriarchs, the twelve fountains
Of sweet waters from the mountains,
The twelve loaves of Temple-bread,
The twelve gems the High-Priest weareth;
Each, a well-known type, declareth
These the chiefs new tribes to lead.

At their nod o'ercome be error,
Faith increased, and absent terror
Of the final judgment-doom,
That, absolved from all transgression,
We may in the Saints' procession
To the bar of glory come! Amen.

CI.

DE SS. EVANGELISTIS.

PLAUSU chorus lætabundo
Hos attollat per quos mundo
Sonant Evangelia;
Voce quorum salus fluxit,
Nox recessit, et illuxit
Sol illustrans omnia.

Curam agens sui gregis,
Pastor bonus, auctor legis,
Quatuor instituit,
Quadri orbis ad medelam;
Formam juris et cautelam
Per quos scribi voluit.

Circa thema generale,
Habet quisque speciale
Styli privilegium:
Quod præsignat in propheta
Forma pictus sub discreta
Vultus animalium.

CI.

OF THE HOLY EVANGELISTS.

AS our choir, exulting, singeth,
Those, through whom the Gospel ringeth
O'er the earth, let it extol!
From their words salvation floweth;
Night is past; the bright sun gloweth,
Lighting all from pole to pole.

The good Shepherd, fondly caring
For His flock, the law preparing,
Four men for earth's healing chose,
Who should for its fourfold quarters
Four distinct and separate charters,
And four codes of law, compose.

Though one set of facts is stated,
They by each one are related
In a manner all his own:
This the prophet by four creatures,
Each of different form and features,
Pictures for us, one by one.

Pellens nubem nostræ molis,
Intuetur jubar solis
    Johannes in aquila;
Supra cœlos dum conscendit,
Summi Patris comprehendit
    Natum ante sæcula.

Est leonis rugientis
Marco vultus, resurgentis
    Quo claret potentia:
Voce Patris excitatus
Surgit Christus, laureatus
    Immortali gloria.

Os humanum est Matthæi
In humana forma Dei
    Dictantis prosapiam,
Cujus genus sic contexit,
Quod a stirpe David exit
    Per carnis materiam.

Rictus bovis Lucæ datur
In qua forma figuratur
    Nova Christus hostia;
Ara crucis mansuëtus
Hic mactatur, sic et vetus
    Transit observantia.

John, our earth's clouds dissipating,
And his gaze with sunbeams sating.
As an eagle is pourtrayed,
Who, as o'er the heavens he flieth,
God the Father's Son descrieth,
Born before the worlds were made.

Like a roaring lion appearing,
Mark is pictured, thus declaring
Christ, the risen Saviour's might ;
Who from death again reviveth
At His Father's word, and liveth,
Glory-crowned, in endless light.

Human form of Matthew telleth,
For he God, as man, revealeth,
Tracing out His pedigree :
He connects each generation,
Till of David's race and nation
Christ, when born in flesh, we see.

As an ox Luke's form is painted,
'Neath which figure is presented
Christ, as new oblation sent :
On the altar-Cross, all-lowly,
Is He slaughtered, and thus wholly
Passes the Old Testament.

His quadrigis deportatur
Mundo Deus, sublimatur
    Istis arca vectibus.
Paradisi hæc fluenta
Nova pluunt sacramenta,
    Quæ irrorant gentibus.

Non est domus ruitura
Hâc subnixa quadraturâ,
    Hæc est domus Domini :
Gloriemur in hâc domo,
Quâ beate vivit homo
    Deo junctus homini. Amen.

On this four-yoke chariot speedeth
God to earth; the Ark proceedeth
    On these staves from place to place.
These four streams from Eden flowing
Are new sacraments, bestowing
    Showers on man of heavenly grace:

Firm shall stand the habitation,
Reared on this four-square foundation;
    'Tis the Lord's abode and throne:
Let us glory in the dwelling,
Where the man, in bliss excelling,
    Lives, both man and God in one! Amen.

CII.

DE SS. EVANGELISTIS.

JOCUNDARE plebs fidelis,
Cujus Pater est in cœlis,
Recolens Ezechielis
Prophetæ præconia.
Est Johannes testis ipsi,
Dicens in Apocalypsi :
"Vere vidi, vere scripsi
Vera testimonia."

Circa thronum majestatis,
Cum spiritibus beatis,
Quatuor diversitatis
Astant animalia.
Formam primum aquilinam,
Et secundum leoninam,
Sed humanam et bovinam
Duo gerunt alia.

Formæ formant figurarum
Formas Evangelistarum,
Quorum imber doctrinarum
Stillat in Ecclesia.

CII.

OF THE HOLY EVANGELISTS.

O BE joyful, faithful nation!
Seed of God's own generation!
Mindful of the revelation
In Ezekiel's prophecy:
In that witness John uniteth,
Who the Apocalypse inditeth;
"Witness true my true pen writeth
Of what truly met mine eye!"

Round the footstool of the Godhead,
'Mongst the blessed Saints included,
Stand four creatures there embodied,
Diverse in their form to view.
One an eagle's semblance weareth,
One a lion's likeness beareth,
But as man or ox appeareth
Each one of the other two.

As Evangelists, these creatures
Figure forth, in form and features,
Those, whose doctrines' stream, like Nature's
Rain, is on the Church outpoured;

Hi sunt Marcus et Matthæus,
Lucas, et quem Zebedæus
Pater tibi misit, Deus,
Dum laxaret retia.

Formam viri dant Matthæo.
Quia scripsit sic de Deo.
Sicut descendit ab eo,
Quem plasmavit, homine.
Lucas bos est in figura
Ut præmonstrat in Scriptura,
Hostiarum tangens jura
Legis sub velamine.

Marcus leo per desertum
Clamans, rugit in apertum :
Iter fiat Deo certum,
Mundum cor a crimine.
Sed Johannes, ala bina
Charitatis, aquilina
Forma, fertur in divina
Puriori lumine.

Ecce forma bestialis,
Quam Scriptura prophetalis
Notat, sed materialis
Hæc est impositio.

Matthew, Mark, and Luke pourtraying,
Him too, who His sire obeying,
By the nets no longer staying,
Came to follow thee, O Lord !

Matthew as the man is treated,
Since 'tis he, who hath related,
How from man, by God created,
God did, as a man, descend.
Luke the ox's semblance weareth,
Since his Gospel first declareth,
As he thence the Law's veil teareth,
Sacrifices' aim and end.

Mark, the lion, his voice upraises,
Crying out in desert places :
" Cleanse your hearts from all sin's traces ;
For our God a way prepare !"
John, the eagle's features having,
Earth on love's twain pinions leaving,
Soars aloft, God's truth perceiving
In light's purer atmosphere.

Thus the forms of brute creation
Prophets in their revelation
Use ; but in their application
All their sacred lessons bring.

Currunt rotis, volant alis;
Inest sensus spiritalis;
Rota gressus est æqualis,
    Ala contemplatio.

Quatuor describunt isti
Quadriformes actus Christi:
Et figurant, ut audisti,
    Quisque sua formula.
Natus homo declaratur,
Vitulus sacrificatur,
Leo mortem deprædatur,
    Et ascendit aquila.

Paradisus his rigatur,
Viret, floret, fœcundatur;
His abundat, his lætatur
    Quatuor fluminibus:
Fons est Christus, hi sunt rivi,
Fons est altus, hi proclivi,
Ut saporem fontis vivi
    Ministrent fidelibus.

Horum rivo debriatis
Sitis crescat caritatis,
Ut de fonte pietatis
    Satiemur plenius.

Mystic meaning underlieth
Wheels that run, or wing that flieth ;
One consent the first implieth,
    Contemplation means the wing.

These four writers in pourtraying
Christ, His fourfold acts displaying,
Show Him,—thou hast heard the saying,—
    Each of them distinctively :
Man—of woman generated ;
Ox—in offering dedicated ;
Lion—having death defeated ;
    Eagle—mounting to the sky.

These four streams, through Eden flowing,
Moisture, verdure, still bestowing,
Make the flowers and fruit there growing
    In rich plenty laugh and sing :
Christ the source, these streams forth sending ;
High the source, these downward trending ;
That they thus a taste transcending
    Of life's fount to Saints may bring.

At their stream inebriated,
Be our love's thirst aggravated,
More completely to be sated
    At a holier love's full fount !

Horum trahat nos doctrina
Vitiorum de sentinâ,
Sic que ducat ad divina
    Ab imo superius. Amen.

May the doctrine they provide us
Draw us from sin's slough beside us,
And to things divine thus guide us,
    As from earth we upward mount! Amen.

CIII.

DIES OMNIUM SANCTORUM.

SUPERNÆ matris gaudia
Repræsentat Ecclesia:
Dum festa colit annua,
Suspirat ad perpetua.

In hac valle miseriæ
Mater succurrat filiæ;
Hic cœlestes excubiæ
Nobiscum stent in acie.

Mundus, caro, dæmonia
Diversa movent prælia:
Incursu tot phantasmatum
Turbatur cordis sabbatum.

Dies festos cognatio
Simul hæc habet odio
Certatque pari fœdere
Pacem de terra tollere.

CIII.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

THE Church on earth those joys pourtrays,
Which heavenly Mother-Church displays;
Keeping her annual holydays,
For endless ones she sighs and prays.

In this dark vale of woe to-day,
That Mother must her daughter stay;
Here Angel-guardians' bright array
Must stand beside us in the fray.

The world, the flesh, the devil's spite
By different methods wars excite:
Such countless phantoms' rush destroys
The sabbath that the heart enjoys.

This evil kindred hate displays
Alike against all holydays,
As, one and all, they fight and strive
Peace from the face of earth to drive.

Confusa sunt hic omnia,
    Spes, metus, mœror, gaudium :
Vix hora vel dimidia
    Fit in cœlo silentium.

Quam felix illa civitas
In qua jugis solemnitas !
Et quam jocunda curia,
Quæ curæ prorsus nescia !

Nec languor hic, nec senium,
Nec fraus, nec terror hostium,
Sed una vox lætantium,
Et unus ardor cordium.

Illic cives angelici
Sub hierarchia triplici
Trinæ gaudent et simplici
Se Monarchiæ subjici.

Mirantur, nec deficiunt,
In illum quem prospiciunt ;
Fruuntur, nec fastidiunt,
Quo frui magis sitiunt.

Illic patres dispositi
Pro qualitate meriti,
Semota jam caligine,
Lumen vident in lumine.

Things strangely mingle here below,
  Hope, terror, happiness, and pain;
While scarce for half an hour, we know,
  Is silence kept in heaven's domain.

How blest that city is, wherein
Unceasing feast-days still begin!
How happy that assembly, where
Is utter ignorance of care!

Nor languor here, nor age, they know,
Nor fraud, nor terror of a foe:
But with one voice their joy they show;
One ardour makes all hearts to glow.

The angel-citizens on high
There, 'neath a triple hierarchy,
The Trinity in Unity
Serve and obey rejoicingly.

With wonder,—never giving o'er!—
They, seeing Him whom they adore,
Enjoy what, craving as before,
They thirst but to enjoy the more.

There all the Fathers stand around,
Ranking as worthy they are found;
The darkness now removed of night,
In light they look upon the light.

Hi sancti quorum hodie
    Recensentur solemnia,
Nunc, revelata facie,
    Regem cernunt in gloria.

Illic regina virginum,
Transcendens culmen ordinum,
Excuset apud Dominum
Nostrorum lapsus criminum.

Nos ad sanctorum gloriam,
    Per ipsorum suffragia,
Post præsentem miseriam
    Christi perducat gratia! Amen.

These Saints, whose feast to-day we grace
  With solemn service as of old,
The King, unveiled and face to face,
  In all His glory now behold.

There may the virgins' queen, in light
Transcending far heaven's orders bright,
Plead our excuses in God's sight
For all our failures to do right.

When this life's troubles all are past,
  Through prayer by them to God addressed,
May Christ's grace bring us at the last
  To where the Saints in glory rest! Amen.

HYMNS.

CIV.

S. VICTOR.

XXI° JULII.

AURORA diem nuntiat
Ac terram ros inebriat;
Nos verus sol justitiæ
Rore perfundat gloriæ!

Lux redit sine nubilo,
Lux festa, digna jubilo,
Transcendens mundi nubila:
Chorus, ex corde jubila!

Jesu, choro psallentium
Lucis infunde radium:
Te lucem lucis filium
Vox una canit omnium.

Tibi nostra devotio
Clamat præ cordis gaudio,
Nec lingua potest exprimi
Quod dictat ardor animi.

CIV.

ST. VICTOR.

JULY 21ST.

THE morning-star proclaims day's birth,
And dews revive the thirsty earth;
May the true Sun of righteousness
Our souls with glory's dew-drops bless!

A day returns, from cloudlet free,
A day of festive jubilee,
Transcending all the clouds of earth:
O Choir! rejoice with heartfelt mirth!

Jesu! our tuneful choir requite
With Thy light's inspiration bright,
While, as both Light and born of Light,
All voices in Thy praise unite.

Our true devotion unto Thee
Cries out in heartfelt ecstasy,
Nor can the tongue enunciate
What our souls' fervour would dictate.

Prompti sumus et hilares,
    O Victor, tuis laudibus,
Sed laudi tamen impares
    Tuis egemus precibus.

Pro Victoris victoria
Patri Prolique gloria,
Patris Prolisque nexui
Sancto sit Spiritui. Amen.

Ready we are and glad to raise,
  O Victor! songs of praise to thee;
But, still unequal to due praise,
  We need thy prayers exceedingly?

For Victor's glorious victory won
Glory to Father and to Son,
And to the Holy Ghost, in heaven
The link connecting both, be given! Amen.

CV.

S. VICTOR.

XXI° JULII.

JESU, tuorum militum
Transcendens omne meritum,
Ad laudem tui militis
Nos ejus juva meritis.

Celebrantes victoriam
Victoris cum lætitia,
Fac ad perhennem gloriam
Transire cum victoria.

Victor, effuso sanguine,
Victoris dignus nomine,
Cœlo receptus hodie,
Palmam tenet victoriæ.

Vox laudis et lætitiæ,
Et gratiarum actio,
Regi debetur gloriæ
Alacriore studio;

CV.

ST. VICTOR.

JULY 21ST.

JESU ! whose merits far transcend
Those that Thy soldiers' fame extend !
For this Thy soldier's praise do Thou
For his sake help on us bestow.

Grant us, who celebrate once more
With joy our Victor's victory,
To endless glory to pass o'er,
As victors too, triumphantly.

Victor, who shed his life-blood's stream,
A victor worthy of his name,
To heaven this day, as heaven's guest, came,
The palm of victory there to claim.

The voice of praise and gladness too,
With offerings of true thanks no less,
Are to the King of glory due
With all the readier eagerness ;

Cum jam sub virga ferrea,
Excussa granum palea,
Mola tritum pistoria,
Christi fit recens hostia.

Pro Victoris victoria
Patri Prolique gloria
Patris Prolisque nexui
Sancto sit Spiritui ! Amen.

Since 'neath the iron rod to-day,
As grain,—the chaff thence threshed away!—
Which miller doth 'twixt millstones bray,
Christ's latest victim slaughtered lay.

For Victor's glorious victory won
Glory to Father and to Son,
And to the Holy Ghost, in heaven
The link connecting both, be given! Amen.

CVI.

S. AUGUSTINUS.

XXVIII° AUGUSTI.

MAGNE pater Augustine, preces nostras suscipe,
Et per eas Conditori nos placare satage,
Atque rege gregem tuum, summum decus præsulum.

Amatorem paupertatis te collaudant pauperes,
Assertorem veritatis amant veri judices:
Frangis nobis favos mellis, de Scripturis disserens.

Quæ obscura prius erant nobis plana faciens,
Tu de verbis Salvatoris dulcem panem conficis,
Et propinas potum vitæ de psalmorum nectare.

CVI.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

AUGUST 28TH.

O AUGUSTINE, mighty Father! carry thou our prayers on high,
Never ceasing to commend us to our Maker's love thereby;
And, the chiefest pride of Bishops! o'er thy flock rule gloriously!

Poor men praise thee, who so lovest poverty, in joyful strain;
True and faithful judges love thee, who dost boldly truth maintain;
Honeycomb thou openest for us, as God's word thou dost explain.

As what was obscure beforehand plain thou to our minds dost make,
Thou delicious bread preparest from the words the Saviour spake,
And a draught of living water from sweet Psalms our thirst to slake.

Tu de vita clericorum sanctam scribis regulam,
Quam qui amant et sequuntur viam tenent regiam,
Atque tuo sancto ductu redeunt ad patriam.

Regi regum salus, vita, decus et imperium!
Trinitati laus et honor sit per omne sæculum,
Qui concives nos adscribat supernorum civium!
Amen.

Thou, to guide the lives of clergy, dost a holy rule
indite,
Which all those who love and follow tread the
King's highway aright,
And beneath thy holy guidance reach their father-
land of light.

To the King of kings salvation, life, and power, and
empire be,
To the Trinity all honour and all praise eternally:
May our names, O Lord! be written 'mongst the
heavenly company! Amen.

CVII.

EPITAPHIUM ADAMI S. VICTORIS.

HÆRES peccati, natura filius iræ,
Exsiliique reus nascitur omnis homo.

Unde superbit homo, cujus conceptio culpa,
Nasci pœna, labor vita, necesse mori?

Vana salus hominis, vanus decor, omnia vana;
Inter vana, nihil vanius est homine.

Dum magis alludunt præsentis gaudia vitæ,
Præterit, imo fugit; non fugit, imo perit.

Post hominem vermis, post vermem fit cinis, heu! heu!
Sic redit ad cinerem gloria nostra suum.

CVII.

THE EPITAPH OF ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

HEIR of original sin, a child of wrath too by nature,
Rightfully banished from God, every man living is born.
Wherefore is man so proud, since in sin his mother conceived him,
Painful his birth, his life toil, a necessity death?
Vain is the health of a man, vain his beauty, and vanity all things;
And 'mongst things that are vain, nothing is vainer than man.
While this present life's joys do more and more mock the enjoyer,
Hence he passes, yea, flies; flies! rather perishes quite!
After man he becomes a worm, after worm, alas! ashes!
Thus doth our glory return to its original dust.

Hic ego qui jaceo miser et miserabilis Adam,
Unam pro summo munere posco precem :

Peccavi, fateor, veniam peto, parce fatenti ;
Parce, pater, fratres, parcite, parce Deus.

I, who am laid in this grave, am the poor and
pitiful Adam;
But for one prayer I ask, prayer for the best
of all gifts:
Sinful I am, I confess, ask pardon; O spare one
confessing!
Spare him, my father! spare, brethren! and
spare him, O God!

SEQUENCES ATTRIBUTED TO ADAM OF ST. VICTOR

DOUBTFULLY OR WRONGLY.

I. SEQUENTIÆ QUARUM DUBIA EST ADDICTIO.

I.

S. THOMAS, APOSTOLUS.

XXI° DECEMBRIS.

CONGAUDEANT hodie
Filii Ecclesiæ
Solemni lætitia:
Thomas doctor in die
Laudis et lætitiæ
Nobis est materia.

Abanes præpositus
Circuit sollicitus,
Quærens virum strenuum,
Qui Romano opere
Noverit exstruere
Domum arte manuum.
Tradit ei protinus
Servum suum Dominus,
Prudentem artificem:

I. SEQUENCES ATTRIBUTED DOUBTFULLY.

I.

ST. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

DECEMBER 21ST.

LET the Church's sons to-day
Hymns, that holy joy display,
With one voice rejoicing, raise :
Thomas, that great teacher, now
Is the theme on which we show
Forth our gladness and our praise !

Abanes the president
Once upon his travels went,
Seeking anxiously a man,
Who, in handicraft well-skilled,
Had the art wherewith to build
Houses on the Roman plan.
Then the Lord His servant brings
To him, as in all such things
A most skilful workman bred ;

Mox, ascensis navibus,
De rebus sublimibus
Conferunt ad invicem.

Regis intrant nuptias,
Sed epulas regias
Velut immunditias
Thomas obliviscitur:
Cibum habens alium,
Puellæ præconium,
In conspectu omnium
A pincerna cæditur.

Quem lacerat,
Dum properat,
Ut de fonte aquam ferat,
Leo diris morsibus;
Mox attulit
Quo pertulit
Manum canis et intulit
Ibi coram omnibus.

Auro sibi commendato
Pauperibus erogato,
Domus surgit regia:
Non est domus temporalis,
Sed est status immortalis
In cœlesti patria.

Soon embarking on shipboard,
They in converse upward soared
To the highest themes instead.

At a royal marriage-feast
Thomas, since to him at least
Such feasts are impure, as guest,
Wholly lost in thought doth seem :
Other food he hath, the praise
Which a damsel's accents raise,
So the butler, in full gaze
Of the feasters, smiteth him.

A lion dread,—
As this man sped
For water to the fountain-head,—
With its fangs his limbs doth tear;
Soon by a hound
The hand was found
Which he had used, and carried round
In the sight of all men there.

Though the gold to him commended
He upon the poor expended,
Upward doth a palace rise :
Not a palace transitory,
But a state of endless glory
In the land of Paradise.

Rex cogebat Apostolum
Ut adoraret idolum,
Et orando divinitus,
Est liquefactum penitus.

Currunt ergo pontifices
Et cæteri carnifices:
Gladio Thomas subditus,
Martyr dignus est habitus.

O Didyme, miles Christi,
Per eumdem quem vidisti,
Cujus latus tetigisti,
Prece posce sedula,
Ut, post cursum hujus vitæ,
Nos in Christo vera vite
Maneamus læti rite
Per æterna sæcula.

Deo laus et gloria.
Amen dicant omnia !

The king would the Apostle bring
By force to idol-worshipping;
But, when he doth to heaven pray,
The idol wholly melts away.

Therefore the priests together run
With other torturers many a one,
And Thomas, brought beneath the blade,
A glorious Martyr thus is made.

Didymus, Christ's warrior plighted!
Through Him Who thy gaze requited,
And Whose side thy touch invited,
    With unceasing prayer implore,
That, when this life's course is ended,
We, with Christ, the true Vine, blended,
To those joys may be commended
    Fitly, which endure e'ermore!

    Glory be to God and praise!
    "Amen" let creation raise!

II.

S. MONICA.

IV° Maii.

AUGUSTINI magni patris
Atque suæ piæ matris
Laudes et præconia
Decantemus, venerantes
Et optata celebrantes
Hodie solemnia.

Mater casta, fide gnara,
Vita clara, Christo chara,
Hæc beata Monica
De profano propagatum,
Nunc jam parit suum natum
In fide Catholica.

Felix imber lacrymarum,
Quo effulsit tam præclarum
Lumen in Ecclesia!
Multo fletu seminavit,
Germen ubi reportavit
Metens in lætitia.

II.

ST. MONICA.

MAY 4TH.

ST. AUGUSTINE, that great Father,
And his mother blest, together
Let us praise with tuneful lay;
Publishing our veneration
For them in due celebration
Of this longed-for holy day!

Mother chaste, for pure faith noted,
Dear to Christ, in life unspotted,
This St. Monica her son,
Though from heathen sire he springeth,
This day to a new birth bringeth,
By her to the true faith won.

Blessed was that tearful shower,
Through which shone with brilliant power
On the Church a light so bright!
Though with many tears she soweth,
Back she brought the fruit that groweth,
Reaping in joy's full delight.

Plus accepit quam petivit :
O quam miro tunc gestivit
    Spiritus tripudio,
Cernens natum fide ratum,
Sed et Christo jam sacratum
    Toto mentis studio !

Hæc egenis ministravit
Et in eis Christum pavit,
    Mater dicta pauperum ;
Curam gerens infirmorum,
Lavit, stravit et eorum
    Tersit sordes vulnerum.

O matrona gratiosa
Quam transfigunt amorosa
    Crucifixi stigmata !
His accensa sic ploravit,
Lacrymis quod irrigavit
    Pavimenti schemata.

Pane cœli saturata,
Stat a terris elevata
    Cubiti distantia ;
Mente rapta exultavit :
"Volitemus," exclamavit,
    "Ad cœli fastigia."

More than she had asked possessing,
O what wondrous transport's blessing
    In the spirit then felt she;
Sound in faith her son perceiving,
And in Christ alone believing
    With his whole soul's energy!

Help she gave to those most needing,—
Christ thus in their persons feeding,—
    Called the mother of the poor!
Caring for the sick moreover,
She would wash and cleanse and cover
    Up from cold each ulcered sore.

Matron with all graces glowing!
Whom the wounds, such true love showing,
    Of the Crucified pierce through!
Roused by these, she so deploreth,
That the tears, which she outpoureth,
    Drench the pavement with their dew.

She, with heaven's bread saturated,
Off the earth stands elevated
    Full a cubit's distance high:
With enraptured mind she joyeth;
"Let us upward fly!" she crieth,
    "To the heights above the sky!"

Eja, mater et matrona,
Advocata et patrona
Sis pro tuis filiis,
Ut dum carne exuemur,
Nato tuo sociemur
Paradisi gaudiis. Amen.

O thou mother, O thou matron!
Be thy children's friend and patron,
Pleading for them in the skies,
That, from flesh-bands liberated,
We may be associated
With thy son in Paradise! Amen.

III.

S. MARIA MAGDALENA.

XXII° JULII.

MANE, prima Sabbati,
Surgens Filius Dei,
Nostra spes et gloria,
Victo rege sceleris,
Rediit ab inferis
Cum summa victoria,
Cujus resurrectio
Omni plena gaudio
Consolatur omnia.

Resurgentis itaque
Maria Magdalene
Facta est prænuntia;
Ferens Christi fratribus,
Ejus morte tristibus
Exspectata gaudia.

O beati oculi,
Quibus Regem sæculi,
Morte jam deposita,
Prima est intuita!

III.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

JULY 22ND.

EARLY on the Sabbath morn,
Ere the daybreak's first return,
Rose God's Son from hell again,
And as our hope's glory shone,
Having utter victory won
O'er him who o'er sin doth reign :
Balm which Resurrection brought,
With all joy and gladness fraught,
To assuage all grief and pain.

Of His rising thus once more
Mary Magdalene first bore
Tidings, when their herald made,
And to Christ's disciples brought
Joys, looked forward to in thought,
When Christ's death had made them sad.

Blessed were her eyes that day,
Who was foremost to survey
Him, who o'er the world holds sway,
When death's power had past away!

Hæc est illa femina,
Cujus cuncta crimina
Ad Christi vestigia
Ejus lavit gratia.

Quæ dum plorat
Et mens orat,
Facto clamat
Quod cor amat
Jesum super omnia;
Non ignorat
Quem adorat,
Quid precetur;
Jam deletur
Quid mens timet conscia.

O Maria,
Mater pia,
Stella maris
Appellaris
Operum per merita;
Matri Christi
Coæquata,
Dum fuisti
Sic vocata,
Sed honore subdita.

She that sinful woman is,
Whom from all iniquities,
As before His feet she lies,
Christ's grace laves and purifies.

She, while pleading
With heart bleeding,
Plainly proveth
How she loveth
Jesus all things else before;
He well knoweth,
As she boweth,
What she craveth,
And He laveth
All her conscience doth deplore.

Mother very
Holy, Mary!
Thou for merit
Dost inherit
The bright name of Ocean's Star!
Such another
As Christ's mother,
Since her name thou
Thus can'st claim now,
Though in glory lower far!

Illa enim fuit porta,
Per quam mundo lux est orta ;
Hæc resurgentis nuntia
Mundum replet lætitia.

Illa mundi imperatrix,
Ista beata peccatrix,
Lætitiæ primordia
Fuderunt in Ecclesia.

O Maria Magdalena,
Audi vota laude plena,
Apud Christum
Chorum istum
Clementer concilia,
Ut fons summæ pietatis,
Qui te lavit a peccatis
Servos suos
Atque tuos
Mundet, data venia.
Amen dicant omnia !

For that other was the portal,
Through which rose earth's light immortal:
His resurrection this one tells,
And all the world with gladness fills.

That one o'er creation reigning,
This a sinner grace obtaining,
The first-fruits have of pious mirth
Outpoured upon the Church on earth.

Mary Magdalene! appearing,
And our prayers and praises hearing,
    Mercifully
    This choir wholly
  Reconcile with Christ again,
That the fount of God's compassion,
Which washed out all thy transgression,
    May, from heaven
    Pardon given,
  Make His and thy servants clean.
  Let all creatures say "Amen!"

IV.

S. AUGUSTINUS.

XXVIII° AUGUSTI.

AD honorem Trinitatis
Cœtus fratrum paupertatis
Gratulatur hodie,
Festo sancti confessoris
Augustini et doctoris
Totius Ecclesiæ.

Iste sanctus exstirpavit
Hæresim et illustravit
Doctrina Ecclesiam;
Hic anstistes trinialem
Novit et quadrinialem
Perfecte sententiam.

Vas virtutum et piscerna,
Cleri speculum, lucerna,
Verbo, vita, opere,
Fuit moribus ornatus,
Cunctis bonis decoratus
Et nobili genere.

IV.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

AUGUST 28TH.

TO the Trinity's laudation
Show to-day, ye congregation
Of poor brethren! thankful mirth!
On Augustine's feast, that holy
Doctor and confessor truly
Of the Church that is on earth!

Heresy was extirpated,
And the Church illuminated,
By his lore, who perfectly,
As therein a master sainted,
With the *threefold* was acquainted
And the *fourfold* theory.

Virtues meet to hold and handle,
Of the clergy glass and candle,
In his language, life, and deed,
He in morals was resplendent,
Bright with qualities transcendent,
And descent from noble seed.

Se ipsum humiliavit,
Paupertatem toleravit
Pro Christi servitio :
Dives fuit potestate,
Et pauper humilitate
Atque desiderio.

Episcopatum regebat,
Universa quæ habebat
Egenis distribuit
Diocesis et parentum,
Sicque fine testamentum
Facere non potuit.

Modestam vitam elegit
Carnem mundumque subegit,
Dæmonem similiter,
E ratione regendo,
Illis tribus resistendo
Pro viribus fortiter.

Augustine, pater pie,
Lumen cleri, fons sophiæ
Pro nobis pauperibus
Ora Regem angelorum,
Augustine, supernorum
Nos ponat in sedibus. Amen.

Lowly himself behaved he,
Want and poverty too braved he,
That Christ's servant he might be :
Passing rich was he in power,
Poor through lowliness ; none lower
Wished to be esteemed than he.

Whilst he o'er his see presided,
All the means for him provided
Gave he, that he might the poor
Of his flock and kinsfolk dower ;
And at last had thus no power
To dispose by will of more.

Virtue's path by choice pursued he
Here through life ; world, flesh, subdued he,
And the devil equally ;
For to reason's rules he bowed him,
And, so far as strength allowed him,
Bravely fought against those three.

O Augustine, holy Father,
Whence their light the clergy gather !
Wisdom's fount ! for us, the poor,
Pray the Angels' King in heaven,
That a place to us be given
There, Augustine ! evermore ! Amen.

V.

S. AUGUSTINUS.

XXVIII° AUGUSTI.

AUGUSTINO præsuli
Decantemus singuli,
A quo fluunt rivuli
Scripturarum:
Dux futurus populi,
Luxum fugat sæculi
Imbremque ab oculis
Lacrymarum.

Dum codex inspicitur
Quo Christus induitur,
Mox error expellitur
Ægræ mentis;
Vox clamat quod editur
A magnis nec læditur,
Sed in se mutabitur
Mens edentis.

Præcellens ingenio,
Fervens desiderio,

V.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

AUGUST 28TH.

SING we all on earth below
To the great Augustine now,
Forth from whom like rivers flow
Volumes written:
He, the people's future chief,
Seeks from this world's lust relief,
Wiping tears from eyes with grief
Sorely smitten.

When he turned upon that Book,
Whence he put on Christ, his look,
Error straightway he forsook,
Sick minds' folly!
Cries a voice, as from the roll,
Eaten by the great, but whole,
To itself the eater's soul
Changing wholly.

With transcendent genius he
On the Triune mystery,

Studet in mysterio
Trinitatis:
In hæresim vitio
Pugnat Verbi gladio;
Studet in mysterio
Veritatis.

Pastor pascens pabulo,
Verbi vitæ speculo,
Census adminiculo
Suum gregem:
Res plena miraculo!
Absque morbi vinculo
Persolvit in lectulo
Carnis legem.

In perhenni requie
Revelata facie
Manens Reg[em] gloriæ
Contemplatur:
O doctor egregie,
Tuæ sis familiæ
Apud ipsum veniæ
Impetrator. Amen.

Longing for it fervently,
    Deeply ponders:
'Gainst a vice-bred heresy
With the Word's sword warreth he;
Musing on the mystery
    Of Truth's wonders.

As their shepherd, he with food,
Through the Word of life's glass viewed,
Feeds his flock, and for their good
    His wealth spendeth:
Marvel marvellous indeed!
Paying, from all ailment freed,
Nature's debt, he on his bed
    His life endeth.

Where is rest eternal, he
Doth the King of glory see,
Face to face, now perfectly,
    There remaining:
O illustrious Doctor! be
For all this thy family,
While thus at His side, a free
    Pardon gaining! Amen.

VI.

DE BEATA VIRGINE.

AVE Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum, virgo serena!

Benedicta tu in mulieribus,
Quæ peperisti pacem hominibus,
Et angelis gloriam.
Et benedictus fructus ventris tui
Qui cohæredes ut essemus sui
Nos fecit per gratiam.

Per hoc autem Ave
Mundo tam suave,
Contra carnis jura
Genuisti prolem,
Novum stella solem
Nova genitura.

Tu parvi et magni,
Leonis et agni,
Salvatoris Christi
Templum exstitisti,
Sed virgo intacta.

VI.

OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

HAIL to thee, Mary, richly grace-laden !
Heaven be with thee, beautiful maiden !

Blest indeed art thou 'mongst women, for 'tis thou
Who hast brought forth peace for men on earth below,
Glory for the Angel-race :
And blest too is the fruit thy womb hath given,
Who thus with Him to be co-heirs of heaven
Hath allowed us of His grace.

Through this salutation,
Sweet to all creation,
Thou, new Star ! hast given
'Gainst the law of nature
Birth to a new creature,
A new Sun in heaven.

Christ, both high and lowly,
Lion, Lamb, most holy,
Saviour of the guilty,
For His temple built thee,
Who,—no maiden chaster !—

Tu floris et roris,
Ovis et pastoris,
Virginum regina,
Rosa sine spina,
Genetrix es facta.

Tu civitas Regis justitiæ,
Tu mater es misericordiæ,
De lacu fæcis et miseriæ
Theophilum reformans gratiæ.

Te collaudat cœlestis curia,
Tibi nostra favent obsequia,
Per te reis donatur venia,
Per te justis confertur gratia.

Ergo maris stella,
Verbi Dei cella
Et solis aurora;
Paradisi porta,
Per quam lux est orta,
Natum tuum ora:

Ut nos solvat a peccatis
Et in regno charitatis,
Quo lux lucet sedula,
Collocet per sæcula. Amen.

O'er all virgins reigning!
Rose, no thorn containing!
Didst from thy womb's bower
Bring forth flower and shower,
    Sheep alike and pastor!

The city of the King of righteousness
Art thou, true mercy's parent too no less,
Who from the slough of filth and sore distress
Theophilus transformest by God's grace.

The courts above together sing thy praise;
To thee with joy our duteous vows we raise;
Through thee doth pardon sinners' guilt efface;
Through thee to righteous men is given God's grace.

Ocean's luminary!
Shrine of God's word, Mary!
    Star that ushers day in!
Paradise's portal!
Source of light immortal!
    To thy Son be praying.

That, our sins by Him forgiven,
He will in love's realm in heaven,
    Where the day is never o'er,
    Make us dwell for evermore! Amen

VII.

HYMNUS.

DE S. AUGUSTINO.

CŒLI cives applaudite
Et vos, fratres, concinite:
Patris nostri solemnia
Solis reduxit orbita.

Huic ergo psalmi resonent,
Huic lectiones concrepent
Et hymnorum dulcisona
Multiplicentur carmina.

Quod lingua foris personat
Intus affectus sentiat,
Nec imitari pigeat
Quod laudare mens approbat.

Hunc post mundi curricula
Cœli suscepit curia,
Quem cum servis fidelibus
Jam salutavit Dominus.

VII.

HYMN.

OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

O LET your praises, Heaven's host! ring
And ye, our brethren! with them sing!
The sun, revolving on its way,
Brings back our Father's festal day!

Let psalms resound then to his name,
And lections his due praise proclaim,
Whilst hymns, that such sweet words contain,
Are multiplied in varied strain.

Whate'er the lips proclaim without,
That let us feel in inward thought;
Nor be we slow to tread those ways
The heart's consent marks out for praise.

Now hath the court around God's throne
Received him there, his life's course run,
Who from the Lord the welcome drew
To good and faithful servants due.

Conemur totis viribus,
Jungamus preces precibus,
Ut Augustini meretis
Cœli fruamur gaudiis.

Præsta, Pater . . .

O let us strive with all our might,
As we in common prayer unite,
That through Augustine's merits we
In heavenly joys may sharers be !

. . . .

2. SEQUENTIA CUJUS FALSA EST ADDICTIO.

DE CORONA SPINEA.

REGIS et pontificis
 Dyadema mysticis
  Honoremur laudibus ;
Jocundemur tropicis,
Canticis angelicis
  Concordemur moribus.

In corona Domini
Forma datur homini
  Pulchre necessaria ;
Spina mortis stimulus,
Sed coronæ circulus
  Mortis est victoria.

Levitas arundinis
Levis casus hominis,
  Cor natura labile ;
Fert coronam spineam,
Spinam arundineam
  Cor contritum, humile.

2. SEQUENCE ATTRIBUTED WRONGLY.

OF THE CROWN OF THORNS.

LET us to high honour raise
In glad strains of mystic praise
Our High-Priest and Monarch's crown;
And, while we in tropes delight,
As we in their songs unite,
Make the Angels' life our own.

For the chaplet of the Lord
Doth a needful type afford
To mankind most happily;
Its sharp thorn is death's sharp sting,
But the round encircling ring
Of that crown death's victory.

Then the light stem's want of weight
Is mankind's unstable state,
And man's heart by nature weak:
'Tis this thorn-crown that is worn,—
Fragile reed that bears a thorn!—
By the contrite heart and meek.

Spina pungit cor elatum,
Cor emollit induratum
Pungens ex arundine:
Orbis orbes est coronæ,
Vel unguentum vitæ bonæ
Fragrans cum dulcedine.

Hanc coronam hodie
Nostræ confert Galliæ
Rex misericordiæ.

Cujus testimonia
Vera clamant omnia,
Mundus et dæmonia.

Hæc pugnantis galea,
Triumphantis laurea,
Thiara pontificis,
Primum fuit spinea,
Postmodum fit aurea
Tactu sacri verticis.

Hanc cœlorum Rex portavit,
Honoravit et sacravit
Suo sacro capite;
In hac galea pugnavit,
Cum antiquum hostem stravit
Triumphans in stipite!

Through proud hearts that thorn's point goeth,
And the hard heart softer groweth,
By that reed pierced through and through:
Its round form the round world showeth,
Or the fragrant balm that floweth
From a good life here below.

'Tis this crown that He doth now,
Whom as King of love we know,
On our Gaul this day bestow.

Unto whom all creatures here,
Men and devils, witness bear,
And His truth aloud declare.

'Tis the warrior's helm in fight,
'Tis the victor's laurel bright,
'Tis the High-Priest's diadem:
Though of thorns at first 'twas made,
Touched by that most sacred head,
Gold it afterwards became.

'Twas the King of heaven wore it;
Since His sacred temples bore it,
Great and holy must it be:
In this helmet He contended,
When the old foe's sway He ended
By that triumph on the Tree!

Jesu pie, Jesu bone,
Nostro nobis in agone
    Largire victoriam;
Mores nostros sic compone,
Ut perpetuæ coronæ
    Mereamur gloriam!

Good and gentle Jesu ! hear us !
In our conflict be Thou near us,
That we may full victory share :
Guide our lives so, we implore Thee,
That we ever *there* before Thee
Glory's deathless crown may wear !

NOTES.

NOTES.

Sequence LXXVI.

The feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, or Holy Cross Day, is kept in honour of the public exposition of a portion of the Cross in the basilica erected at Jerusalem by the Empress Helena.

8,9. Vide *note* on Sequence xlvii. 61-63.

10-12. The same legend of the miraculous appearance of a Cross in the sky, with the legend on it, "In hoc signo vinces," is related of Constantine, when engaged in a war against the barbarians on the banks of the Danube.

13-15. Vide *note* on Sequence xlvii. 64-66.

33. Cf. Gen. xxviii. 12.

Sequence LXXVII.

11, 12. Cf. Rev. xii. 7-9. The three next stanzas are evidently founded on this passage.

17. *Accusator* is the translation of the Greek word *διάβολος* = *slanderer*.

27, 28. Cf. Ephes. vi. 12.

33. "The whole number of celestial beings, so Dionysius tells us, are to be divided into three orders, in each of which a triple gradation is contained. In the first order

are contained the *Thrones*, the *Seraphim* and *Cherubim;* and these are continually in the immediate presence of God, nearer than all others to Him, reflecting, without the intervention of any other created beings, the direct effulgence of His glory. Next to these, and of the second order, are *Dominions*, *Authorities*, *Powers*, forming a link between the first and third order. To these last—*Principalities*, *Archangels*, and *Angels*—he assigns that more immediate execution of the divine purposes in the sphere of creation, and towards mankind, which in the belief of religious minds is generally associated with the idea of angelic agency. This teaching of Dionysius, regarded as it was both in East and West as of all but apostolic authority, has served as a foundation upon which all the later traditions have been built up."—*Smith and Cheetham's* "Dict. of Christian Antiquities," vol. i. p. 86.

45-54. Cf. 1 Cor. xv. 39-42. Vulg.: "Alia claritas solis, alia claritas lunæ, et alia claritas stellarum. Stella enim a stella differt in claritate; sic et resurrectio mortuorum."

Sequence LXXVIII.

St. Remigius, Confessor, was Archbishop of Rheims in the fifth and sixth centuries. His mother, Cilinia, who, as well as her husband, Æmilius, was far advanced in years, was told by an old priest, who lived in complete seclusion and was blind, that he had heard a voice from heaven, which told him that she, Cilinia, should bear a child, to be called Remigius, and that his own blindness should be cured by the milk that her breasts yielded, and so it came to pass, according to the legend. St. Remigius is credited with many miracles, some of which are enumerated in this Sequence. It was through his means that King Clovis was converted to Christianity.

He was born about A.D. 439, was consecrated bishop at the age of twenty-two, and died in the ninety-sixth year of his age, and seventy-third of his episcopate.

44-46. The miracle alluded to here occurred, according to the legend, at the baptism of Clovis on Easter Eve, A.D. 496. In consequence of the great crowd of courtiers and others that went in procession with the King and St. Remigius to the baptistery, where the ceremony was to be performed, the priest, bearing the consecrating chrism, was unable to reach the font. At St. Remigius's prayer a snow-white dove descended, bearing in its beak a vial, full of chrism sent from heaven, which exhaled a delicious fragrance, intoxicating the bystanders with pleasure. The Ampulla, "Sainte Ampoule," and the sacred oil it contained, were always used at the coronation of the Kings of France up to the Revolution, when the former was broken. A fragment of the bottle, with a drop of the oil, is now in the treasury of the Cathedral at Rheims. Rev. S. Baring-Gould, from whose account of St. Remigius in his "Lives of the Saints" I have taken the above facts, suggests that story "is a reminiscence of the Celtic legend of 'The Sangreal,' which has attached itself to a saint. 'And anon there came in a dove at a window, and in her bill there seemed a little saucer of gold, and therewithal there was such a savour, as though all the spicery of the world had beene there; . . . and there came a damosell, passing fair and young, and she beare a vessel of gold between her hands, and there to the king kneeled devoutly, and said his prayers, and so did all that were there.' Cf. Sir Thomas Malory s "Morte d'Arthure," ed. Wright, 1858, vol. iii. cap. 2."

Sequence LXXIX.

St. Leger, Confessor and Martyr, was Bishop of Autun in the seventh century, and suffered martyrdom under

Ebroin, the Mayor of the palace of Thierry, after having endured horrible tortures at the same hands, in A.D. 678.

Sequence LXXX.

St. Denis, the Apostle of France and first Bishop of Paris, has been by no means clearly identified. One account would make him the same as Dionysius the Areopagite; another describes him as having been sent on a mission to Paris by Clement, or the successors of the Apostles; the third—and, on the whole, the most probable—account of him is that he was sent from Rome in the third century, and suffered martyrdom by the sword under Aurelian in A.D. 272. In this Sequence, however, the poet adopts the account given of the Saint in the Roman Martyrology, which assumes what, as is well known, was a matter of popular belief for many centuries,—the identity of all three.

11, 12. St. Denis was considered the patron Saint of the whole of France.

24. *Lutetia-Parisiorum* was the ancient name of Paris.

Those readers who care to have a fuller account of the Martyrdom of St. Denis than is given in this Sequence, will find it in the "Passio S. Dionysii" of *Abbé Hilduin*, written about A.D. 834. This writer holds strongly the identity of the patron Saint of France and Dionysius the Areopagite.

Sequence LXXXI.

Very little is known of these two Saints, beyond the fact that they were sent to preach the Gospel in Gaul,—it is said, by St. Peter,—were Archbishops of Sens in succession, and suffered martyrdom at the hands of Severus, the governor of the city, at that place.

SEQUENCE LXXXII.

St. Gratian, Martyr at Amiens between A.D. 283 and A.D. 287. The legend runs, that in his last moments he fixed in the ground a hazel twig which he carried, and it immediately put forth leaves and fruit: a miracle said to have been repeated annually, though the festival occurs so late in the season as the end of October.

SEQUENCE LXXXIII.

St. Magloire, Bishop and Confessor, succeeded Samson, its first Bishop, in the see of Dol in Brittany, in the sixth century. He afterwards resigned his see, and retired to Jersey, where he died about A.D. 575. The miracles attributed to him, as this Sequence alone abundantly shows, were both strange and numerous.

25-28. Count Loiescon, the governor of Jersey, was cured of a leprosy of long standing at the touch of St. Magloire.

29, 30. In acknowledgment of what the saint had thus done for him, the Count made him a present of one of the properties he possessed in the island, but afterwards repented of his generosity, and wished to take it back again. Upon this all the birds and fishes disappeared, and did not return until the property was restored to the Saint. So runs the legend.

31-33. One of the Saint's servants, having fallen into the sea, when out fishing by his master's orders, and been drowned, was given up by the waves, at the prayer of St. Magloire, and restored to life.

37. Another servant, whilst fishing from the shore, accidentally dropped a knife into the water. The Saint caused it to be brought to shore in the belly of a fish which was caught the next day.

38. The Saint miraculously supported the people with food during a famine in Brittany.

39. Some children, having got into an old boat on the sea-shore, were carried out to sea. They called upon St. Magloire, in their terror, to help them, and he with his staff directed the course of the boat into a place of safety.

40. A vessel, laden with provisions as well as money, for the monastery, having arrived at the island, the cargo was placed upon a large waggon, drawn by twelve oxen, for removal inland. By the way the waggon suddenly stopped, and the oxen refused to move. Whereupon St. Magloire, perceiving that it was the work of an evil spirit desirous of doing the monks an injury, ordered the load to be doubled, and all the oxen but two to be unyoked. When this had been done, the waggon proceeded on its way, and arrived safely at its destination.

41. This was the case of a young girl of good family on an island near Jersey, whom St. Magloire is said to have cured of dumbness by pouring holy oil and water into her mouth.

42-44. *Gautier* has not been able to find any account of these miracles, and, indeed, the first of them, "servus pisci tollitur," looks very much like a corruption of the text. What it means can only be guessed at, at best.

46, 47. "Viaticum de manu angeli in proximo moriturus visibiliter accepit."—*Vita S. Maglorii*, "Acta S. Ord. S. Benedict." i. 231 ; quoted by *Gautier*, ad loc.

Sequence LXXXV.

St. Quintin, a Roman citizen of senatorial rank, suffered martyrdom in Belgium under the Emperor Maximianus Hercules, in A.D. 287.

1-12. The perverse ingenuity shown by Adam in the principal rhymes in these two stanzas is worthy of note. It will be observed that, while rhyming to the eye only, they are all deliberately false rhymes :—*grāni*, *mǎni* ; *gȳrum*,

martўrum; frĕti, perpĕti; cĭbus, volatilĭbus. Their reproduction in English, if desirable, is of course impossible.

5. Cf. *note* on Sequence xxx. 1.

30. *Augusta Viromandorum* was the ancient name of the town of St. Quentin.

55-57. The legend relates that when St. Quintin submitted himself to his executioners, and they had cut off his head with a sword, while the blood from the wound was flowing freely, a dove, white as snow, issued from his neck, and a voice from heaven was heard, calling him thither to receive the crown prepared for him.

59, 60. Cf. Matt. iii. 12.

Sequence LXXXVI.

This St. Marcellus, Confessor, was Bishop of Paris at the beginning of the fifth century.

15-20. St. Marcellus, before he was ordained, was said to have gone one day into a locksmith's shop, when the man in jest gave him a red-hot bar of iron, and bade him guess its weight. Taking the glowing bar in his palm, the Saint declared its weight to be nine pounds.

21-24. St. Marcellus, when subdeacon, on the feast of the Epiphany, poured water over the hands of the Bishop Prudentius, during the celebration of the mysteries, when it was found that the water was changed to wine. Prudentius used some of this wine for the Eucharist, and distributed some amongst the sick, who declared themselves much benefited by it.

25-28. On another occasion he poured *chrism* over the same bishop's hands.

33, 34. St. Marcellus, having ordered a certain boy, who had a very sweet voice, to sing the antiphon one day, not knowing that the Bishop had directed another boy to

sing it, Prudentius in his anger ordered the boy who had sung it to be whipped; whereupon, so runs the legend, the Bishop lost his voice, which he recovered only when, upon the Saint's remonstrances with him for his injustice to the child, he wished to express his regret for it.

41-44. The legend is thus given in the "Golden Legend," as quoted by *Gautier*, ad loc. "Matrona quædam prosapia nobilis, sed opinione vilis, maculans crimine quod fulgebat ex genere, postquam dies fugitivæ vitæ rapta luce conclusit, ad tumulum pompa comitante, sed non profutura, processit. Quo condita, horresco referens hoc contigisse post funera, quia duplex nascitur lamentatio de defuncta. Ergo ad sumendum ejus cadaver cœpit serpens immanissimus frequentare, et, ut dicam clarius, mulieri, cujus membra bestia devorabat, ipse draco factus sepultura, quo viso perterriti homines de suis sedibus migraverunt. Beatus igitur Marcellus intelligens se de cruento hoste triumphum acquirere, collecta plebe de civitate, progreditur et, relictis civibus, in prospectu populi solus Christo duce ad locum pugnaturus accessit. Et cum coluber de silva rediret ad tumulum, obviantes sibi invicem, dante orationem beato Marcello, ille capite supplici cœpit veniam blandiente cauda precari. Tunc, precedente pontifice, bestiam fere tribus milliaribus omnes prosecuti sunt, reddentes Domino gratias et solventes exsequias inimico. Deinde increpans eum beatus Marcellus dixit: 'ab hac die aut deserta tene, aut in mare te demerge.' Mox dimissa bestia, nulla ejus ulterius indicia sunt inventa."

Rev. S. Baring-Gould, from whose "Lives of the Saints" I have compiled the earlier notes on this Sequence, says—quoting Venantius Fortunatus's account of this story—that St. Marcellus killed the serpent by striking it thrice on the head with his pastoral staff." Vide page 25 in his first vol. for November.

Sequence LXXXVII.

"St. Martin, Bishop and Confessor, was the son of a Roman military tribune in Constantine's army, and was born in Hungary about A.D. 316. He became a catechumen while yet a child, and was compelled to enter the army in his fifteenth year, but nobly gave away in alms the whole of his pay except what he required for his subsistence. The well-known story of his dividing his military cloak with his sword, and giving one half to a poor naked beggar at the gate of Amiens, is recorded by Sulpicius. It is said that he afterwards saw in a dream our Lord clothed in the half of the cloak he had given to the poor man, and thought he heard him say, "Martin, who is but a catechumen, hath covered me with this garment." This dream at once determined him to receive holy baptism, being about eighteen years old. Two years after this he sought his discharge, but, being reproached with cowardice, he offered to face the enemy unarmed at the head of his troop, protected only by the sign of the Cross. Peace ensuing, he was released from further service. He then retired into solitude, from which he was withdrawn by St. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, who wished to ordain him deacon, but he would only consent at that time to be an exorcist. . . . He met with great persecution from the Arians, who, being at the height of their power, had succeeded in expelling St. Hilary from his bishopric, A.D. 356. St. Martin retired into solitude near Genoa, but about A.D. 360 rejoined St. Hilary, who had been restored to his see, and founded a monastery, said to have been the first in Gaul. The see of Tours becoming vacant, he was obliged against his will to accept it, but he determined to live a hermit's life notwithstanding. . . St. Martin died No-

vember 8th, A.D. 397."—Vide *Blunt's* "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," vol. i. page 59.

17-20. "One day, when preparing to celebrate mass in the Cathedral, he beheld a wretched naked beggar, and desired his attendant deacon to clothe the man; the deacon showing no haste to comply, St. Martin took off his sacerdotal habit, and threw it himself round the beggar; and that day, while officiating at mass, a globe of fire was seen above his head." Vide *Mrs. Jameson's* "Sacred and Legendary Art," vol. ii. page 722.

33-36. The "Golden Legend" says, that Severinus, the bishop of Cologne, on the Lord's day, whilst going round the holy places, as was his wont, heard, at the very moment that St. Martin died, a choir of angels singing in the skies.

38, 39. The same authority tells this story. St. Ambrose, having fallen asleep whilst celebrating mass one day, was after the lapse of some hours awoke by a young deacon, who told him that the people were tired of waiting. "Do not disturb yourselves," said the Saint, "my brother Martin hath taken his departure, and I have been at his funeral and taken the service, but, in consequence of your waking me, was unable to finish the last sentence of it." On further inquiry it was found that at that time St. Martin had departed this life.

Sequence LXXXVIII.

"St. Catherine, Virgin and Martyr.—There is very little reliable information respecting St. Catherine, but she has always been highly venerated in both East and West. She is said to have been royally descended, and of great learning and ability, so that she refuted even heathen philosophers with whom she had to dispute before Maximin the Emperor, and was the means of

their conversion. They, confessing Christ, were burned to death, but the saintly woman was reserved for a further trial. Refusing to sacrifice her chastity to the lust of the tyrant, she was first torn on spiked wheels, and then slain with a sword. In the eighth century her body was translated to the monastery of Mount Sinai by holy monks, who in mediæval legends were transformed into angels."—Vide *Blunt's* "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," vol. i. page 61.

The monastic habit is known in the East as the "angelic" habit, whence the error in the text.

SEQUENCE LXXXIX.

18-23. Cf. Isaiah xi. 1, 2; Rom. xv. 12. Vide *note* on Sequence ii. 25.

24-29. Cf. Daniel ii. 34 *et seq.* Vide *note* on Sequence lxxiv. 45-47.

30-37. Cf. 1 Sam. xvii. 38-54. Vide *note* on Sequence ix. 20-23.

68, 69. Cf. Rev. v. 1-9.

SEQUENCE XC.

13-16. The offerings of the Magi are constantly thus symbolized by Mediæval writers.

17. *Jubilæus.* The idea here seems to be, that, as in the years of Jubilee all property under the Old Dispensation reverted to its original owners, so in the great Jubilee under the New Dispensation, viz., Christ's birth in the flesh, the Gentiles recovered those religious privileges, which under Moses had been given exclusively to the Jews.

18. Cf. Psalm lxxii. 10.

33-40. Cf. Gal. iv. 22-31. *Isaac* = the *Church*; *Ishmael* = the *Synagogue*.

33-36. Cf. Gen. xxi. 8, 9.

37. Cf. Gen. xxi. 6, 16.

41-48. *Jacob* = the *Church ; Esau* = the *Synagogue.*

41. Cf. Gen. xxvii. 27-29 ; xxviii. 1-4.

42. Cf. Gen. xxxii. 7.

43, 44. Cf. Gen. xxvii. 39, 40 (Vulg.) :—"In pinguedine terræ, et in rore cœli desuper erit benedictio tua." The *tu* in line 43 refers "to Esau, as representing the Jewish Synagogue."—*Trench*, ad loc.

46. Cf. Heb. xii. 16. To which passage *Trench* sees an allusion in *obscœnis*, where, however, there may fairly be a question whether the *πόρνος* as well as the *βέβηλος* belongs to Esau.

48. "Not to him delighting in earthly things, but to his brother, it was given to behold the marvellous ladder reaching from earth to heaven, and with angels ascending and descending upon it (Gen. xxviii. 11-12) ; for, though it is not very clear, I must see an allusion to this here."—*Trench*, "Sacred Latin Poetry," page 127.

49. Cf. Cant. i. 3 (Vulg.) :—"Trahe me, post te curremus in odorem unguentorum tuorum."

53. Cf. Hosea ii. 2-24 ; Ephes. v. 26, 27. "This line is alone sufficient to refute Gautier's assertion, that the Blessed Virgin, and not the Church, is contemplated as the Bride of these latter stanzas."—*Trench*, "Sacred Latin Poetry," note, page 127.

57-60. Cf. Psalm xlv. 9, 13, A. V. ; xliv. 10, 14 (Vulg.) :—"Astitit regina a dextris tuis in vestitu deaurato, ... in fimbriis aureis."

Sequence XCII.

Gautier's heading for this and the five following Sequences is "Pour les Fêtes de la Sainte Vierge," but he describes Nos. xcii., xciii., xcv. and xcvi., as having been

used in all or part of the Octave of the Assumption, No. xciv. (quoting the heading of *Guillaume de St. Lô*), in Eastertide, and No. xcvii. on both the fifth day after the Assumption, and the Morrow of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

2. Cf. Ezek. xliv. 2 (Vulg.):—"*Porta* hæc clausa erit," &c.;—"Porta quia Christum peperit."—"Distinct. Monasticarum," iii. *De Porta*, quoted by *Gautier*, ad loc., who adds, "Has not Christ said, 'Ego sum ostium.'?" St. John x. 9. *Adam* in Sequence xcv. 20, speaks of the Blessed Virgin as "Porta clausa post et ante," and in Sequence xcvii. 36, 37 has these lines:—

"Per quam servitus finitur,
Porta cœli aperitur."

Sequence XCV.

22-24. Cf. Judges vi. 38.

Sequence XCVI.

11-14. Cf. Job xli. 1, 2. Vide *note* on Sequence xi. 25-28.

21, 22. Cf. Habakkuk iii. 1-16. Habakkuk, trembling at God's majesty, foretells the Advent of Christ in the beautiful so-called prayer, which this chapter contains.

Sequence XCVII.

5, 6. Cf. Exod. iii. 2.

9. Cf. Isaiah xi. 1. Vide *note* on Sequence ii. 25.

Sequence XCVIII.

19-24. Vide note on Sequence xxvii.

26. Cf. Rev. i. 12, 13.

28-30. Mediæval tradition held that St. John was called up into heaven immediately upon his decease, and that his body saw no corruption. Vide *note* on Sequence xxxi. 31-41.

34. Cf. Acts xii. 2.

35. According to tradition, St. James the Less, who on account of his exceeding righteousness was called "the Just," was put to death by the Jews for boldly proclaiming that Jesus, the Son of Man, was sitting in heaven on the right hand of great power, and will come in the clouds of heaven. He was first thrown down from a tower whence he proclaimed this truth, and then stoned. While they were stoning him, "one of them, who was a fuller, took the club with which he pressed the clothes, and brought it down on the head of the Just one." Vide *Smith's* "Dict. of the Bible," vol. i. pp. 924, 925.

37-39. Cf. John xx. 24-29.

40-42. "The earlier traditions, as believed in the fourth century, represent St. Thomas as preaching in Parthia or Persia, and as finally buried at Edessa. The later traditions carry him further East, and ascribe to him the foundation of the Christian Church in Malabar, ... and his tomb is shown in the neighbourhood. This, however, is now usually regarded as arising from a confusion with a later Thomas, a missionary from the Nestorians. His martyrdom (whether in Persia or India) is said to have been occasioned by a lance."—*Smith's* "Dict. of the Bible," vol. iii. page 1490.

43-48. There is a legend, professing to give an account of St. Philip's labours in Greece. "He arrives in Athens, clothed like the other Apostles, as Christ had commanded, in an outer cloak and a linen tunic. Three hundred philosophers dispute with him. They find themselves baffled, and send for assistance to Ananias, the High-Priest, at Jerusalem. He puts on his pontifical robes, and goes to Athens at the head of 500 warriors. They attempt to seize on the Apostle, and are all smitten with blindness. The heavens open; the form of the Son of Man appears, and all the idols of Athens fall to the ground; and so on through a succession of marvels,

ending with his remaining two years in the city, establishing a Church there, and then going to preach the Gospel in Parthia. Another tradition represents Scythia as the scene of his labours, and throws the guilt of his death upon the Ebionites."—*Smith's* "Dict. of the Bible," vol. ii. pp. 835, 836. But the more probable account of his death is that which describes it as having taken place at Hieropolis, after he had endured horrible tortures.

49-54. Vide *note* to Sequence lxvii. Tradition speaks of him as having been first flayed alive, and then crucified with his head downward.

55-57. Cf. Matt. ix. 9; Mark ii. 14; Luke v. 27.

58-60. The tradition here referred to is that St. Matthew was put to death by the orders of Hirtacus, the king of Egypt, whom the Apostle had reproved for seeking marriage with one Iphigenia, who had been consecrated for God's service by St. Matthew. The Apostle according to this story was slain whilst he still stood by the altar, after having just celebrated mass. There is, however, very little doubt that St. Matthew died a natural death, and that the tradition that he died a martyr came in at a late date.

61-66. Simon and Jude, Western tradition asserts, were martyred together at Samir in Persia by some magicians there whose idols they had destroyed.

67-69. Cf. Acts i. 26.

70-72. Cf. Acts xi. 30; xii. 25; xiii.; xiv.; xv.; 1 Cor. ix. 6.

Sequence XCIX.

1-6. This is a most difficult stanza, and therefore *Gautier* is altogether silent about it, as also is *Daniel,* "Thesaurus Hymnologicus," vol. ii. page 211. *Mone*, in his "Hymni Latini," vol. iii. page 66, while quoting, more copiously than is his wont, passages from SS. Ambrose,

Chrysostom, Augustine, &c., fails to throw any light on the involved construction of the stanza. Dr. Littledale, writing to me on the subject, says, "I think the meaning is, that, since the Gospel was preached, sunrise and sunset everywhere typify the Resurrection and Crucifixion, whose *case* (='import') all the ends of the earth recall." And he adds the following rendering of the passage, as a suggestion how to deal with it, saying, at the same time, that it is too periphrastic, though he thinks the sense is something of the kind.

"They, who, heaven's sun imitating,
Are triumphant in their setting,
Introduce the rising sun,
Yea, the true Sun's birth and dying,
Which, in all lands typifying,
Morn and eve tell, as they run."

7-9. Vide *note* to Sequence xxvii. Tradition reports that SS. Peter and Paul suffered the same day under Nero at Rome; the former being crucified, and the latter, as a Roman citizen, being beheaded with a sword.

10-12. Vide *note* to the last Sequence, lines 55-60.

13-15. Vide *note* to Sequence xxxi. lines 31-41.

16. Vide *note* to last Sequence, lines 58-60.

17. Vide *note* to Sequence lxvii. and to last Sequence, lines 49-54.

18. Vide *note* to last Sequence, lines 43-48.

19, 20. Vide *note* to last Sequence, lines 40-42, 61-66.

SEQUENCE C.

1. Cf. Rev. vii. 9, 14.

1-3. Cf. Matt. xix. 28; Luke xxii. 29, 30; 1 Cor. vi. 3.

8. Cf. Matt. xix. 28.

11. *Architectus* here refers to Jesus, though the expression is generally used of the Apostles in Mediæval Hymnology.

14. "For them"—the fathers—"the risen flesh of Christ is

constantly a *tropæum*, which he erected in witness of his completed victory over death."—*Trench's* "Sacred Latin Poetry," page 91, *note*.

16-18. Cf. Psalm xix. 1-4; Romans x. 18.

25. Cf. Matt. ix. 15; John iii. 29; 2 Cor. xi. 2.

28. Cf. Ephes. v. 27.

37. Cf. Ephes. ii. 20; Rev. xxi. 14.

40. *Portæ*. Cf. Rev. xxi. 12; Ezek. xlviii. 31-34.

41, 42. Cf. Ephes. ii. 20.

43-48. "The treading out the corn on the barn-floor, which is the work of oxen, is the link between the first part of this stanza and the last. The Apostles, the treaders out of the corn (St. Paul by his quotation at 1 Timothy v. 18, of Deuteronomy xxv. 4, justifies the image), from which afterwards they winnow away the chaff (cf. Matt. iii. 12), are prefigured by the twelve brazen oxen round the molten sea, which Solomon made (1 Kings vii. 23-25; 2 Chron. iv. 2-4)."—*Trench's* "Sacred Latin Poetry," pp. 206, 207, *note*.

50. *Fontes*. Cf. Exod. xv. 23, 25, 27.

51. Cf. Lev. xxiv. 5-9.

52. *Gemmæ*. Cf. Exod. xxxix. 10-14.

53, 54. "Compare Hugh of St. Victor (*Alleg. in Gen.* iii. 16). 'Jacob est Christus: ejus filii duodecim Apostoli. Hi sunt enim fontes deserti, quæ Israel reperit in Helim (Exod. xv. 27); duodecim panes propositionis (Lev. xxiv. 5); duodecim lapides in veste pontificali (Exod. xxxix. 8-14); . . . . duodecim boves sub æreo mari (1 Kings vii. 25).'"—*Trench*, ad loc., page 207.

Sequence CI.

1. *Trench* ("Sac. Lat. Poet." page 69) reads "Psallat chorus lætabundo," for this first line; while *Daniel* ("Thes. Hymn." vol. ii. page 88) and *Mone* ("Hymni Latini," vol. iii. page 130) read "Plausu chorus lætabundo."

11. "*Cautelam* is a juristic word. Du Cange explains it perfectly: '*Cautelæ* sunt instrumenta et chartæ, quibus privilegia, jura, possessiones, &c., asseruntur; hinc *cautelæ* dicta, quod sint veluti *cautio* (*ἀσφάλισμα*) res illas ita se habere.'"—*Trench*, "Sac. Lat. Poet." page 69, *note.*

25. *Rugientis.* Vide *note* on Sequence xiv. line 58.

21, 25, 31, 37. Cf. Ezek. i. 5 *et seq.*; Rev. iv. 6, 7.

43. The reference of the poet is still to the vision of Ezekiel, and not as *Clichtoveus* (as *Archbishop Trench* says, *wrongly*) supposes to Zechariah's four chariots.—Zech. vi. 1-3.

45. Cf. Exod. xxv. 13-15.

46-48. Cf. Gen. ii. 10.

50. Cf. Rev. xxi. 16. "The city lieth *foursquare.*"

SEQUENCE CII.

5. Cf. Rev. iv. 6-8; Ezek. i. 4-28; x. 9-20.

6-8. Cf. Rev. xxi. 5; xxii. 6.

12. *Animalia*—the *ζῶα* of Rev. iv. 6-9; v. 6, 8, 14, etc.—is in our Authorized Version "beasts;" "living creatures" it should have been, as *animalia* in the Vulgate; and "beast" should have been reserved for the *θήριον* of the thirteenth and later chapters. Cf. *Trench*, ad loc. p. 64, *note.* In the Revised Version (1881) the change has been made, and "living creatures" used in all these passages.

25-28. Cf. Matt. i. 1-16.

29-32. For explanation of these lines, vide verses 37-42 in the last Sequence.

37. *Ala bina* = The love of God and our neighbour.—*Trench.*

45-48. "Wheels *run on earth*, wings *soar to heaven.* In these symbolic representations of the Evangelists we hear of both; for they now tell of the *earthly* life of the Saviour (*currunt rotis*); they now ascend to the contemplation of the *heavenly* world (*volant alis*). The *gres-*

sus æqualis is the mutual consent of the four; they keep step."—*Trench's* "Sac. Lat. Poet." page 67. *Archbishop Trench* refers those who desire to follow out more fully the allusions to the Mediæval typology to *Gregory the Great's* "Homilies on Ezekiel," (*Opp.* vol. i. page 1183, *sqq.* Bened. ed.).

49, 50. *Clichtoveus.* "Scilicet Matthæus Nativitatem, Lucas Passionem, Marcus Resurrectionem, et Johannes Ascensionem Christi."

57-64. "The image [of the four streams of Paradise, as prefiguring the four Evangelists] has passed into the region of Christian Art, where we often find in the early mosaics a hill surmounted by a cross, or by a lamb holding a cross, and four streams flowing out in several ways from its sides. .. Sometimes, as in the magnificent mosaic filling the cupola of St. Mark's, at Venice, the Evangelists appear as four aged men, each with his urn, from which a stream of water flows."—*Trench's* "Sac. Lat. Poet." page 68, *note.*

65. *Debriatis. Debrio* is a mediæval form of *inebrio* (see *Ducange*, s.v.).

Sequence CIII.

6. The Church *triumphant* is here spoken of as the *mother;* the Church *militant* as the *daughter.*

25. Cf. Rev. xxi. 4.

43, 44. Cf. 1 Cor. xii. 12.

ON HYMNS OF ADAM.

CIV. and CV.

Vide *note* to Sequence lvii.

CVI.

9. St. Augustine was the author of two great works upon the

Psalms: 1. "Commentarium in Psalterium Davidis;" and 2. "Enarrationes in Psalmos."

10. The *rule* of St. Augustine was adopted in the Abbey of St. Victor.

ON ADAM'S EPITAPH.

CVII.

The first ten lines only of this Epitaph were written by Adam of St. Victor; the last four being the work of John Corrard, a Victorine.

NOTES

ON

SEQUENCES ATTRIBUTED TO ADAM.

I.

DOUBTFULLY.

Sequence I.

The very strange and apocryphal tradition contained in the first portion of this Sequence, is to this effect:—Gundoferus, the King of India, sends Abanes the prefect abroad to seek for skilled artificers to build a palace for him in the Roman style of architecture. On the arrival of Abanes at Cæsarea, Our Lord, having forewarned the Apostle as to what he is going to do, introduces St. Thomas to Abanes in the Forum, as one well-skilled in Roman building. An engagement follows, and St. Thomas and Abanes take ship for India. On the voyage they land at a certain town, where the marriage of one of the King's

daughters is being celebrated with great rejoicing. In accordance with a proclamation of the King, every one is compelled to take part in these rejoicings, and the Apostle and his companion find themselves guests,—St. Thomas an unwilling one,—at the marriage feast. While the guests are at table, a young Jewish maiden goes round and addresses each guest with some words of complimentary praise. Seeing St. Thomas with his eyes looking upward toward heaven, and eating nothing, and perceiving that he is a Jew, she sings softly in his ear, "There is one God of the Hebrews, Who created all things and poured forth the seas!" As St. Thomas kept repeating these words, and still ate nothing, the butler struck him a blow on the cheek. The Apostle then said to the butler, "I shall not rise from this table, until the hand that struck that blow hath been brought hither by dogs!" The butler, having shortly afterwards gone out to draw some water, is slain by a lion, and his corpse mangled by dogs, one of which bears off the offending hand and brings it into the banquet-hall.

On reaching India, St. Thomas, during the absence of the King for two years, instead of building the King's palace, evangelizes the country and makes numberless converts. This angers the King so, that on his return he casts the Apostle and Abanes into prison, intending to flay them alive and then commit them to the flames. In the meantime, the King's brother dies, and on the fourth day after his interment rises from his grave, and, appearing before his brother, tells him that St. Thomas is the friend of God, and that all the Angels are his servants, and that he had been shown by them in Paradise a palace, wondrously constructed of gold and silver and precious stones, which they told him was the palace that St. Thomas had erected for the King his brother.

41-48. These lines refer to another legend which represents

that in consequence of St. Thomas's preaching perfect chastity to women, the wife of one of the Kings of Upper India separated from her husband, and the husband proceeded to put the Apostle to torture by making him stand barefoot on red-hot plates. God, however, caused a fountain of water to burst out at the spot, and the plates were cooled. The King then caused the Apostle to be cast into a fiery furnace, the flames of which were so miraculously tempered, that the Apostle came forth from it on the following day, whole and unharmed. The King next attempted to make St. Thomas worship the Sun-god, in order that his own true God, angered by his idolatry, might destroy him. St. Thomas replied that the anger of his God would be directed against the idol and not against him, and so it was; for, when the Apostle bowed the knee before it,—having previously required the demon therein to destroy it upon his doing so,—the idol melted away like wax. Thereupon the High-Priest, in revenge, slew St. Thomas with a sword, and the Christians took up his corpse and buried it. It will be observed that this tradition does not accord with the more generally received one of St. Thomas having met his death with a lance. Vide *note* to Sequence xcviii. lines 40-42.

The reader will find a full account of these legends also in *Ordericus Vitalis*, "Eccl. Hist. of England and Normandy," book ii. cap. 8.

No. II.

As to the marvels recorded of St. Monica in the last half of this Sequence, *Gautier*, ad loc., remarks: "The facts reported in the remainder of this Sequence are not found in the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, and have no doubt been either embellished or added to by the writers of legends."

34-36. "Thou heardest her, and despisedst not her tears, when, pouring down, they *watered the earth* under her

eyes."—*S. Aug.*, "Conf." lib. iii. cap. 11. The allusion is probably to the ancient Eastern practice of lying flat on the face at prayer.

No. III.

1. Cf. Mark xvi. 9.

10-12. Cf. John xx. 17, 18.

15. Cf. Matt. xvii. 23 ; Mark ix. 31.

20 *et seq.* Cf. Luke vii. 36 ; Matt. xxvi. 7.

36. Vide *note* on Sequence iii. line 50.

48-51. As by Mary the Virgin came the *good news* of the Incarnation, so by Mary the Magdalen came the *glad tidings* of the Resurrection, to mankind. The fact that the two great mysteries of the faith were first disclosed to women has, *Gautier* says, been the subject of frequent remark by theologians and moralists in the Middle Ages.

No. IV.

10-12. I have been unable to obtain any satisfactory explanation of the terms *trinialem* and *quadrinialem* in their connection here. *Gautier*, as usual, passes over the difficulty in perfect silence. The Manichæans—of whom St. Augustine was once one—seem in a sense to have personified *Wisdom*, and put it on an equality with the Three Persons of the Godhead ; alleging that Christ had his residence in the sun ; the Holy Ghost in the air ; Wisdom in the moon ; and the Father in the abyss of light. Vide *Hook's* "Church Dictionary," sixth edition, page 388. Can the poet have had this in his mind, as the "quadrinial" theory, as opposed to the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity, adopted by St. Augustine for belief in later life, as the "trinial"? Or the reference—perhaps taken in connection with "*Antistes*"=a *master* in any science or art, more probably—may be to the old division of the seven arts or sciences into the *quadrivium*, or *four-*

fold way to knowledge, comprising arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy ; and the *trivium*, or *threefold* way to eloquence, comprising grammar, rhetoric and logic.

No. V.

7-8. Viz. his mother Monica's.

9, 10. Cf. Rom. xiii. 14 (Vulg.):—"Sed *induimini* Dominum Jesum Christum." By the instrumentality of which passage St. Augustine was converted, as related by himself in his "Confessions," book viii. cap. 12, sec. 29.

13-16. Cf. Rev. x. 9, 10; Jeremiah xv. 16; Ezek. iii. 1-3. These lines, to so great an authority as *Archbishop Trench*, appear corrupt, as I learn from a private letter of his, and he does not suggest any emendation of the text. I have done the best I can towards guessing its possible, rather than its probable, meaning, but I quite feel with no great success. The suggestion, which I have availed myself of in my rendering of the passage, that three might be a reference in it to Ezek. iii. 1-3, was first made to me by Canon C. Page Eden, and afterwards endorsed by Dr. Littledale. But it is still an open question what the poet had in his mind.

The whole Sequence is full of difficulty, from the evident corruptness of the text, and a translator who attempts it at all must be driven to guess-work, and consequent inaccuracies, for which, I trust, he would be more responsible in Sequences where the original is, happily, less obscure.

Gautier contents himself with saying "This text is defective," and leaves the difficulties alone.

25-28. Vide Sequence lxix. lines 28-30 ; 35-38.

30-32. St. Augustine died peacefully in his bed at Hippo, while the Vandals were besieging it, some two months after the siege had commenced. The date of his death was Aug. 30th, A.D. 430, in his 77th year.

No. VI.

This Sequence was used during the Octaves of the Nativity and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and at other times.

26, 27. This refers to an alleged miracle of the Blessed Virgin, which was well known in the Middle Ages. Theophilus, a Vidame (=a dignitary holding his fief under the Bishop) of Adana in Cilicia, had been an exemplary Christian; but prosperity made him proud, and his Bishop in consequence deprived him of his fief. Finding himself entirely without resources, and unable to support his family, he forsook the faith and became a blasphemer. Satan, taking advantage of his sorry plight, sends a sorcerer, called Salatin, to tempt him to sell his soul to the Devil, on condition that his lost property should be restored to him. Theophilus makes that bargain with Satan, but is seized with remorse for having done so when it is too late. In despair he addresses himself to the Virgin, and by her intervention is saved from the consequences of his compact with the Evil one. Vide *Gautier's* note, ad loc.

35. Cf. Cant. vi. 10:—"Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?" or, as in the Vulgate, "Quæ est ista, quæ progreditur quasi aurora consurgens?"; Cant. vi. 9.

No. VII.

This Hymn is unfinished. *Gautier* notices the fact that the rhymes are not *leonine* as a good reason for believing it not to have been written by Adam of St. Victor.

II.

WRONGLY.

De Corona Spinea.

The seventh, eighth and ninth stanzas of this Sequence appear in one which has been printed by Archbishop Trench in his "Sacred Latin Poetry," page 149, as taken from *Clichtoveus*, "Elucidat. Eccles." Paris, 1556.

I add the verses of it which do not appear in the body of this volume, with an attempted translation of my own.

Si vis vere gloriari,	If thou wouldest glory truly,
Et a Deo coronari	And with praise and honour duly
Honore et gloria,	By Almighty God be crowned ;
Hanc coronam contemplari	Seek to see this thorn-crown nearer,
Studeas, atque sectari	And the footsteps of its wearer
Portantis vestigia.	Follow on his weary round.
Hanc cœlorum Rex, &c.	'Twas the King of heaven, &c.
Hæc pugnantis galea, &c.	'Tis the warrior's helm in fight, &c.
Spinarum aculeos	Christ effectually did turn
Virtus fecit aureos	Into gold those points of thorn
Christi passionis ;	By His Cross and Passion,
Quæ peccatis spineos,	Which have filled with good things those,
Morti æternæ reos,	Who, deserving endless woes,
Adimplevit bonis.	Bristle with transgression.
De malis colligitur,	'Tis of thorns, as oft as men
Et de spinis plectitur	Weave the thorns of guilt therein,
Spinea perversis :	Having sin's path taken :
Sed in aurum vertitur,	But it turns to gold again,
Quando culpa tollitur,	When away that guilt is ta'en,
Eisdem conversis.	And that path forsaken.
Jesu pie, Jesu bone, &c.	Good and loving Jesu ! hear us ! &c.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

LATIN.

SEQUENTIÆ ADAMO ADDICTÆ.

INDEX TO FIRST LINES OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

ENGLISH.

SEQUENCES ATTRIBUTED TO ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

GENERAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

LATIN.

SEQUENTIÆ ADAMO ADDICTÆ.

GENERAL INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

ENGLISH.

SEQUENCES ATTRIBUTED TO ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

THE END.

CHISWICK PRESS :—C. WHITTINGHAM AND CO. TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

poetry.
7269

Adam of St.Victor - Liturgical poetry.
(Wrangham tr.)

3